



66 *Luvisca* 99 SHIRTS SOFT COLLARS & PYJAMAS

LOOK FOR THE REGISTERED TAB. | Sold by leading Hosiers, Outfitters and Stores, and all AUSTIN REED shops.
Ask for and see you get "LUVISCA." There is nothing just-as-good. If any difficulty in obtaining, write Courtaulds Ltd. (Dept. 124M), 16, St. Martin's-le-Grand, London, E.C.1, who will send you name of nearest retailer and descriptive literature.

PERFECT COMFORT WEAR
SHIRTS PYJAMA
SUITS

in striped designs
or plain shades,
10/6 EACH.
including two collars.

in striped designs
or plain shades,
17/6 EACH.

Garments made to measure
subject to special quotation.



SILVERDALE TRITURATED TEA

NO NEED TO BE A
CONNOISSEUR TO APPRECIATE
THE QUALITY.

From your Leading Grocer, or particulars:—
SILVERDALE, 1, Paul Street, Finsbury, E.C.2

For your good health
Drink

Apollinaris

NATURAL MINERAL WATER.

Obtainable in the new size
'Stone Split'



EAR-TRUMPETS DISCARDED!

THE SENSATION OF THE CENTURY!!

Old Ways Give Way to New!!!

Middle Ear (catarrh), Nerve (headnoises), Slightly (hard-of-hearing) or
very (so-called "stone") deaf in young or old, and
even cases hitherto regarded as hopeless now benefiting.

CALL
NOW
PHONE
OR
WRITE

Having made this great discovery in the interests of suffering deaf
humanity, its discoverer wants you to benefit. No matter what you
have tried—with whatever result, you will greet this marvellous
super-sound, tone-sense renewing method as the find of your life and
its joy. Ask for "Medical Commendations."

DENT (Suite 19), 309, OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W.1
(Opp. D. & H. Evans' Clock) 'Phones: Mayfair 1380/1718.

SIGNS OF A
COLD? TAKE

GENASPRIN

THE **SAFE** BRAND

CANADIAN CLUB

SMOKING MIXTURE
AND CIGARETTES

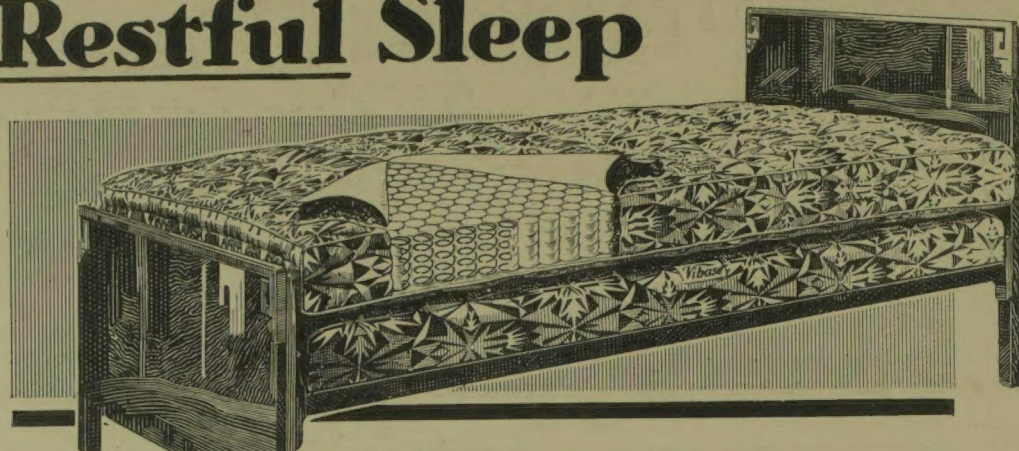
MOTOR-UNION INSURANCE CO. LTD.

ALL CLASSES OF INSURANCE TRANSACTED

10, ST. JAMES'S STREET, LONDON, S.W.1.



For Restful Sleep

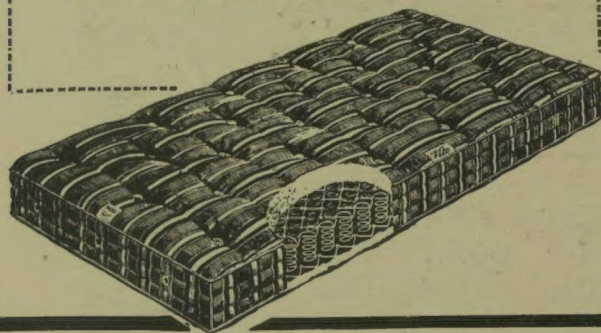


The World's
most comfortable
bed equipment

The 'Vi-Spring-Vibase' Combination

The 'Vito' Overlay Mattress

Those requiring a lower-priced overlay mattress than the 'Vi-Spring' should see the 'Vito,' a really comfortable spring-interior overlay mattress, thoroughly reliable in service, yet extremely moderate in price. Its spring centre, placed between two generous layers of soft upholstery, consists of hundreds of small springs, not in pockets. The unique shape and assemblage of these springs ensure for the 'Vito' a strength and resiliency that make it pre-eminent for lasting comfort and hard service. Ask to see the 'Vito-Vibase' Combination.



For over 30 years the 'Vi-Spring'—the original pocketed spring Overlay Mattress—has stood in a class by itself, unequalled for its wonderful comfort and durability. Hand-made throughout, it imparts a softness and resiliency that can never be approached by the machine-made mattress. Its use with the Vibase Mattress Support makes a bed that is truly luxurious in its sleep-enticing softness.

The Vibase Mattress Support is the ideal support for the 'Vi-Spring,' providing a base which allows the small springs in the 'Vi-Spring' to give their fullest resiliency and eliminating the possibility of sagging. Fully upholstered, it is equal in appearance and durability to the expensive box springs, yet sells at practically the same price as the inefficient open spring supports.

Sold by all reliable House Furnishers.

Write for Illustrated Catalogue, sent post free on request to Sole Manufacturers:

Vi-Spring-Products Ltd.

98, Vi-Spring Works, Victoria Road, Willesden Junction, London, N.W.10

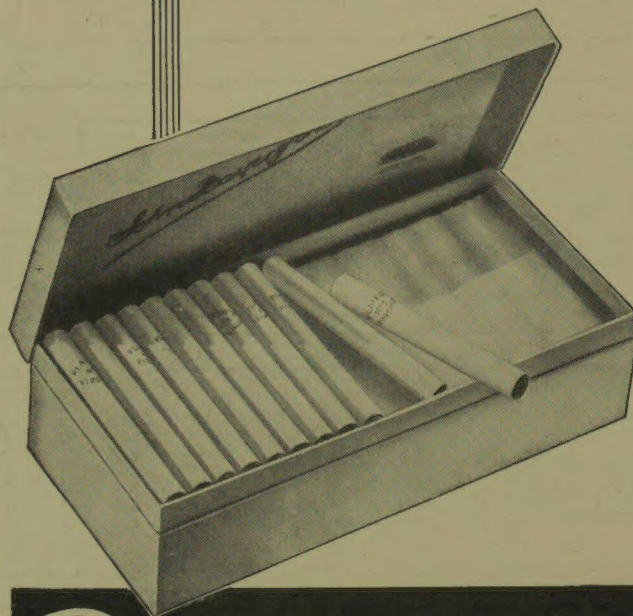
VAPEX

WILL STOP THAT COLD



Among the finer things of life

Superb craftsmanship working on exquisite Virginia leaf has produced in Player's N° 3 a cigarette which satisfies the most exacting smoker.



10 for 8p
20 for 1/4
50 for 3/3
100 for 6/4
WITH OR
WITHOUT
CORK TIPS

PLAYER'S N° 3

Virginia Cigarettes

Issued by The Imperial Tobacco Company (of Great Britain and Ireland), Ltd.

3, P. 12 C.

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

The Copyright of all the Editorial Matter, both Engravings and Letterpress, is Strictly Reserved in Great Britain, the Colonies, Europe, and the United States of America.

SATURDAY, MARCH 18, 1933.



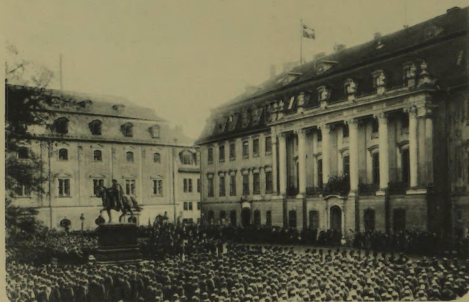
RULERS OF MODERN GERMANY MOURNING THEIR COUNTRY'S GREAT WAR DEAD: PRESIDENT VON HINDENBURG AND HERR HITLER IN THE BERLIN OPERA HOUSE.

Seated in the front row, from left to right, beginning at the corner of the box, are Captain Göring, Reich Commissioner for Aviation and Deputy Commissioner for the Interior in Prussia, who has been called the virtual dictator of Prussia; General von Blomberg, Minister for Defence; Herr Adolf Hitler, the Nazi leader and Chancellor of the Reich; President von Hindenburg; Herr von Papen, Vice-Chancellor and Reich Commissioner for Prussia; and Dr. Frick, Minister for the Interior.

Sunday last, March 12, was Germany's Day of National Mourning for her Great War dead, and the old flag of the German Empire flew at half-mast on the public buildings. As our photograph shows, President von Hindenburg and other rulers of Germany took part in the proceedings

in the State Opera House, Berlin. At the chief memorial service were the ex-Crown Prince and his wife and Princes Oscar and Eitel Frederick. In a sermon, the preacher said: "The sword of Siegfried, shattered in 1918, must be forged again. All Germany must be as steel."

MARKING "THE VIGOROUS REBIRTH OF THE GERMAN NATION":



A VIGOROUS GOVERNMENT BLOW AT THE WEIMAR CONSTITUTION: THE HOISTING OF THE OLD IMPERIAL FLAG AND THE NAZI SWASTIKA FLAG ON THE LANDTAGS BUILDING, WEIMAR.

WITH regard to certain of our photographs, we give the following notes.—In a proclamation broadcast by Herr Hitler on the afternoon of March 12, President Hindenburg decreed that, until the flag question was regulated once and for all, the old Imperial colours and the Nazi Swastika flag should be flown side by side. He said: "These flags unite the glorious past of the German Reich with the vigorous re-birth of the German nation." Thus, the ruling Government struck vigorously at the Weimar Constitution. As we note on our front page, March 12 was Germany's Day of National Mourning for her Great War dead.

(Continued opposite.)



THE EMBLEM OF THE ALL-CONQUERING NAZIS: THE SWASTIKA FLAG DISPLAYED AT BERLIN'S TOWN HALL.

(Continued.)

must the resistance of these elements be immediately and most radically broken."—It was reported from Berlin on March 5 that, relying on the Presidential decree making Reich intervention in the Federal States easy, the Nazis in Hamburg had become particularly active. For instance, the new police chief there went to the City Hall with 700 uniformed S.A. men, occupied the building, and hoisted the Swastika flag.



PRESIDENT AND CHANCELLOR ON GERMANY'S DAY OF NATIONAL MOURNING FOR HER GREAT WAR DEAD: MARSHAL VON HINDENBURG GREETING HERR HITLER IN BERLIN.



ON GERMANY'S DAY OF MOURNING FOR HER GREAT WAR DEAD: THE NEW AUXILIARY POLICE FORCE MARCHING PAST AT A SPECIAL PARADE IN BERLIN.



A PICTURESQUE AND SIGNIFICANT NIGHT MEETING OF NAZIS IN BERLIN: THE GREAT DEMONSTRATION HELD BEFORE THE PALACE ON MARCH 11, THE EVE OF THE NATIONAL MOURNING FOR GERMANY'S GREAT WAR DEAD.

The Chief Burgomaster thereupon resigned.—On March 9, General von Epp, the new Police Commissioner for Bavaria, reached Munich and, in the evening, took over the control of the police. It was announced at the same time that Nazi Storm detachments had occupied a number of public buildings and the Munich Trade Union Headquarters. For some while before, Bavaria had declared that any



HERR HITLER BROADCASTING: THE CHANCELLOR SPEAKING INTO THE MICROPHONE WHEN HE ANNOUNCED DECREES AS TO THE NATIONAL FLAGS AND ALSO DEMANDS DISCIPLINE.



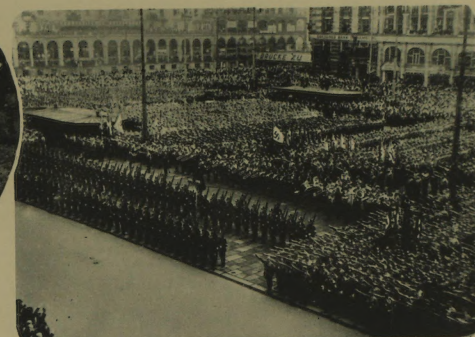
MUNICH UNDER THE NAZIS: S.A. GUARDS AT THE PRINTING WORKS OF THE SOCIAL-DEMOCRATIC PRESS—ON THE RIGHT, SCATTERED PRINTED MATTER.



THE COLOURS OF IMPERIAL GERMANY IN GERMANY THE REPUBLIC: THE BLACK, WHITE-AND-RED RUSHED TO THE BERLIN TOWN HALL, WHERE IT WAS HOISTED IN COMPANY WITH THE SWASTIKA FLAG.

Commissioner from Berlin would be arrested before he crossed the Main. On the 12th came news that there had been a number of acts of violence in Munich on the Thursday night and Friday morning, and that, for example, a party of Nazis had "arrested" Herr Josef Ostermayer, a member of the Town Council and a member of the Bavarian Peoples' Party, driving him in his night attire and a thin

NAZI ACTION—IMPERIAL COLOURS AND THE SWASTIKA FLAG.



IN THE FREE CITY OF HAMBURG, WHERE THE NEW POLICE CHIEF OCCUPIED THE CITY HALL AND HOISTED THE SWASTIKA FLAG NAZIS DEMONSTRATING IN THE RATHAUS-PLATZ.

(Continued.)

Mourning for her Great War dead.—President Hindenburg's decrees about the German flag question were announced repeatedly during the afternoon and evening by Herr Hitler, whose speeches were broadcast from every German station. The Chancellor also took occasion to say: "Henceforward the fight for the cleansing and ordering of the Reich will be systematic and will be conducted from above. Therefore, I order the strictest and blindest discipline for the future. All individual actions must henceforth cease. Only when elements of a national uprising oppose our legal orders with violence, or when our individual men or marching columns are attacked,

(Continued below on left.)



MUNICH UNDER THE NAZIS: THE SWASTIKA FLAG FLYING FROM THE OCCUPIED TRADE UNION HEADQUARTERS.

overcoat in an open motor-car to an annex of the Brown House. It was further alleged that, after this, he had been beaten, before being turned out into the street to walk home. He is now in hospital. Such doings no doubt account for Herr Hitler's speech against individual action and his demand for discipline, an extract from which we have given in the earlier part of this note.



By G. K. CHESTERTON.

THE problem of Free Verse, like the problem of the African Race in the American Republic, seems to be rather more problematical after it has been freed than it was before it was freed. Anybody now can print as much free verse as he likes, without being out of fashion, or even against convention. And yet the thing has never become quite normal; even if it becomes universal. There remains a puzzle about it; about exactly how far a more regular rhythm was a harmony or a restraint, which makes every scrap of verse without metre or rhyme turn into a sort of riddle; and a riddle (we may remark) generally did sound most mystical and alluring when it was in metre and rhyme. The primary case for free verse was always fair enough, so far as it went. There certainly are verbal rhythms which are not exactly those of any classical metre, but which do produce an effect which is not merely that of prose, but rather of a sort of chant or incantation. There are a great many in the English translation of the Bible. "O my son

been glorified in pretty nearly every age since the Homeric Age. It is that never-fading freshness that seems to lie upon the glittering Greek Islands and the first myths of our culture. There is nothing revolutionary about it, unless writing free verse is still revolutionary. And I only wish to enquire, in a friendly spirit, whether writing free verse is really an assistance to writing good verse. I am not calling in question the powers of the poet; I am simply asking whether the same poet would have produced the same poem, or a better or a worse poem, if he had chosen to write it in the traditional forms of poetry. In other words, I would take this one piece of free verse merely as a test of how much verse does gain or lose by being what is called free. It is only a sort of parlour game, but it is a problem that happens to amuse me. First of all, let us take the free verse poem as it stands. It is called "The Argonauts"—

to me, I confess, that the actual effect of the feeling of liberty is even a certain limpness. "As he retreats" is a weaker ending than so able a writer could have put into a sonnet. The only phrase that claims to be original looks oddly artificial. It is not merely the literal logical point: that the sun is seldom observed to lick its paws. It is that the image does not really suit the lion any more than the sun; certainly not the lion taken as a noble symbol of the sun. It has no imaginative fitness; licking the paws could only remind us that the lion is like the pussycat on the hearth-rug; the last thing we want to think when he represents the archaic energy of the Sun God. It looks to me as if Lawrence, writing in the spirit of an ancient poem, unconsciously felt he must put in something to show he was a modern poet. But does the freer form really give him a chance of stronger effects? I doubt it. Suppose he had chosen to write the

same thought in unfree verse; as so clever a man could doubtless have done much better than I can. But suppose he had begun something like this:

They are not dead!
The sun like a golden
lion
Goes down to that
red desert where
he dies;
The moon, that is
bare of all but
bodily beauty,
The moon, that is
careless of all but
bodily beauty,
Looks down on the
dying lion from
the skies
Like a queen, from
the steep skies.

This sea is of the
Argo. Great
Odysseus, etc.

I only give this, of course, as a very ordinary sample of the old classical or even rhetorical verse, which any educated man could write; I am concerned wholly with the enquiry of whether this old style is not really

rather stronger than the new style. Many great men have written in the new style, and believed it would be stronger. "Easily-written, loose-fingered chords," said Walt Whitman, "I feel the thrum of your climax and close." But that is exactly what I do not do; I do not feel that "as he retreats" is the best that Lawrence could do for a climax and close. A stronger sense of the rolling sea of the Argonauts comes over me with the long rolling line of "Atalanta":

From the Acroceranion hills to the ford of the Fleece of Gold.

I merely propound this as the practical problem of free verse; of whether the freedom really does tend to liberty or only to laxity. I fancy the poet here fell between two stools; between the classic tripod of Delphi and the prosaic wooden stool that Puck pulled from under the old woman; the type of the more modern spirit of abrupt bathos and the grotesque. I am very fond of the grotesque; and in some ways I much prefer Puck to Apollo. But, strictly as a critical problem, I doubt whether the modern manner does make better creative poetry in a description of the tall ships of Ulysses going by the Isles of Greece.



A YOUNG AIRMAN DOGGED BY MISFORTUNE: MR. VICTOR SMITH, WHO NARROWLY FAILED TO SET UP A NEW RECORD FROM ENGLAND TO THE CAPE.

Mr. Victor Smith, the nineteen-year-old South African airman, narrowly failed to break the England-Cape Town record at his third attempt. Ever since he left South Africa by air last November he has suffered a series of misfortunes. On that flight he was brought down in the Sahara owing to the breaking of a feed-pipe from the petrol-tank of his aeroplane. Two attempts, in December and February, to break Mrs. Mollison's record from England to the Cape, of four days eight hours, ended respectively at St. Malo and Oran. Starting for the third time on March 9, in a Comper-Swift monoplane, Mr. Smith very nearly accomplished his ambition, but when within sight of the record was forced to land at Van Rhynsdorp, 160 miles north of Cape Town.

They are not dead, they are not dead!
Now that the sun, like a lion, licks his paws and goes
slowly down the hill:
now that the moon, who remembers, and only cares
that we should be lovely in the flesh, with bright, crescent
feet,
pauses near the crest of the hill, climbing slowly, like a
queen
looking down on the lion as he retreats.

Now the sea is the Argonaut's sea; . . .

I cannot quote the whole, but it ends with
a sharp command not to bring the coffee or
pain grille till the ships of Odysseus have sailed
past.

Now, I hope I shall not be misunderstood if I say that the first impression I have is that, while this mode of utterance has become free-verse, it has not become free poetry. I mean that it has not produced any purely poetical effect that is freer or wilder or more elemental, magical, or hitherto uncaptured than Shelley or Swinburne or any good poet has produced in formal poetry. It is more conversational; it is not more primeval or even more barbaric. It is more like talk; but not more like tempests loosened or passions made alive. It seems

Absalom; O Absalom my son"; "Or ever the silver cord be loosed and the golden bowl is broken; and the pitcher is broken at the fountain and the wheel broken at the cistern." The interweaving of the word "broken" is itself an unbroken pattern. And the same fine effect has sometimes been produced in modern free verse. I know one passage in a poem of Mr. T. S. Eliot, which begins, I think, "Pray for Rinaldo, avid of speed and power," which might really satisfy the most classical critic who was—well, who was avid of speed and power. But I have read other poems of T. S. Eliot in which I cannot perceive any rhythm or direction at all; certainly nothing which he, being a cultivated and versatile man, could not have expressed better in classic verse or classic prose.

I happen to have before me, in the *Argosy* magazine I have just opened, a poem by the late D. H. Lawrence, about whom so many people seem suddenly and simultaneously moved to write books and articles. But I am not going to write an article about D. H. Lawrence, but only about the particular form he chose for this particular poem. It does not raise any of the disturbing questions about Lawrence about which so many of his friends and foes seem to be disturbed. There are certain ethical controversies in which I should believe myself to be on the side of civilisation, and in which I think he would, quite honestly, avow himself on the side of barbarism. But those questions do not arise here. Even those who would most indignantly declare that what I call barbarism was a beneficent revolution would not pretend that this poem is at all revolutionary. Its theme is one of the very oldest themes, even of the very oldest poets. It is the glory of the Homeric Age, which must have

A EUROPEAN STORM-CENTRE LULLED: DANZIG AND THE POLISH "CORRIDOR."



A MARINE PATROL IN DANZIG, THE CITY CONCERNED IN A SERIOUS DISPUTE BETWEEN POLAND AND GERMANY RECENTLY SETTLED AT GENEVA.

an agreement under which the conditions prevailing before Feb. 15 were resumed. It provided that the Danzig police, who had taken over the duties of the harbour police, should be withdrawn, and that the special harbour police should be restored, while the Polish Government agreed to withdraw without delay the detachment of 120 men sent to the island. This agreement was approved by the League of Nations Council on March 14. In reply to Colonel Beck, the Polish Foreign Minister, M. Ziehm, the President of the Danzig Senate, stated that he could guarantee the safety of Polish residents in Danzig. Sir John Simon, after assuring himself that the words "without delay" meant immediately, said that the Council could congratulate themselves on the

[Continued opposite.]

THE German-Polish frontier has been regarded of late as a storm-centre and potential war zone, owing to German resentment against the Versailles Treaty, the isolation of a large German population in East Prussia from the rest of Germany, and the anomalous position of Danzig. The German-Polish dispute in Danzig, over the increase of the Polish garrison on the island of Westerplatte in the harbour—an incident which some believed had brought Germany and Poland to the verge of war—was settled at Geneva on March 13, by

[Continued on left.]

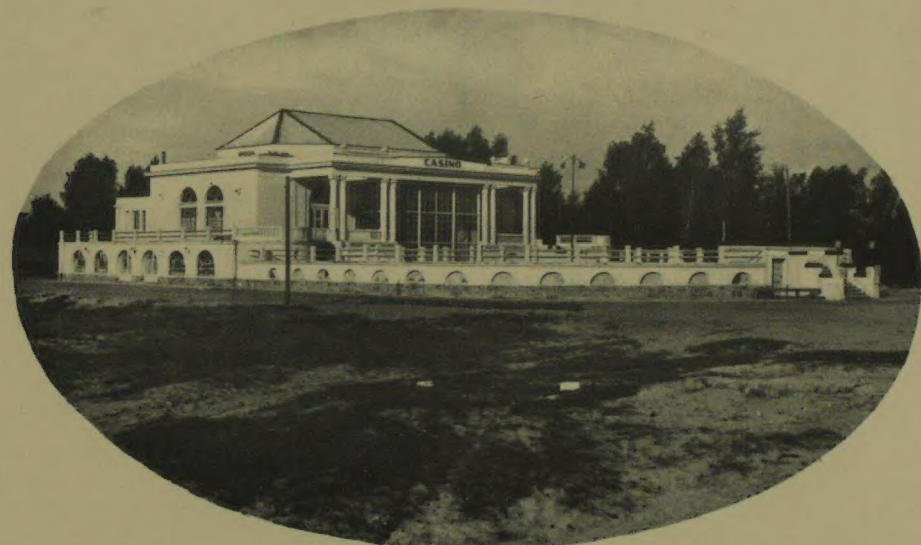


THE RAILWAY STATION AT GDINYA, THE POLISH PORT (NEAR DANZIG) TO WHICH IT WAS REPORTED THAT A FORCE OF POLISH TROOPS HAD BEEN DESPATCHED.

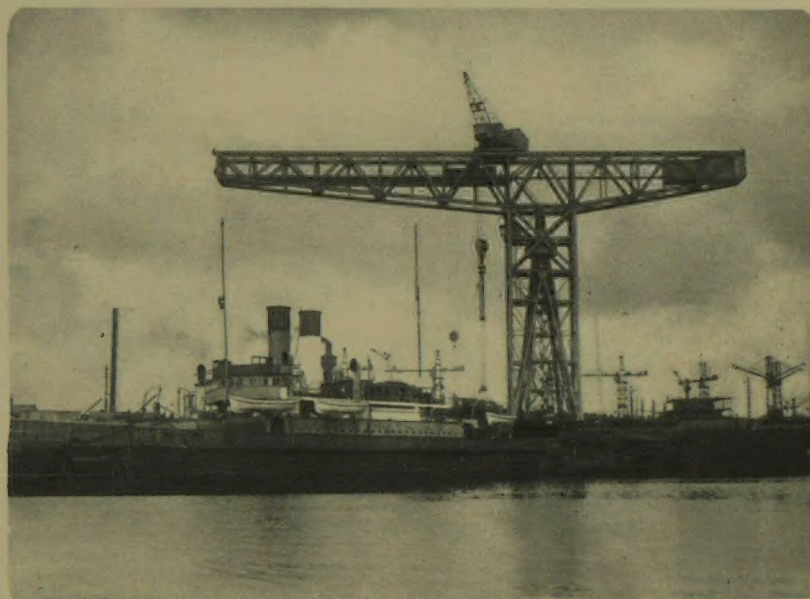


AT "THREE STATES" CORNER (GERMANY, DANZIG, AND POLAND): A BORDER STONE NEAR WEISSENBERG, INSCRIBED "TREATY OF VERSAILLES, 28 JUNE, 1919."

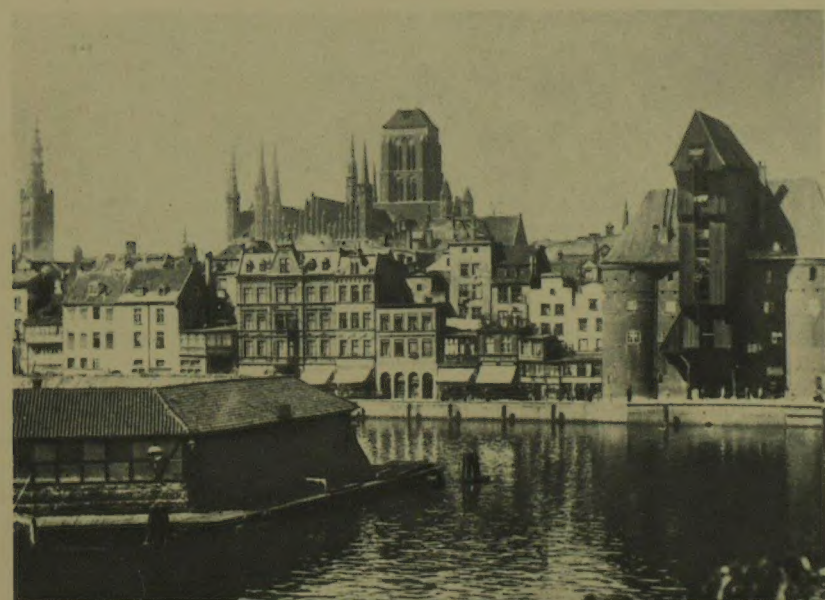
settlement of the question. The Polish Government had sent the additional force on the ground of having received information of an intended attack, by Danziger political extremists, on the Polish war material depot on the Westerplatte. The President of the Danzig Senate then wrote a letter of protest to the League High Commissioner. At the same time, it was reported, Polish troops were drafted into Gdynia, the Polish port near Danzig. Indignation was aroused in Poland, at the time of the recent German elections, by a report that Herr Hitler intended to broadcast an appeal to Germans while making an aeroplane propaganda flight over the Polish Corridor, and by his alleged statement, a few weeks previously, that the "Corridor" should be restored to Germany.



THE CASINO AT GDINYA, A POLISH TOWN NEAR DANZIG WHICH WAS CLOSELY CONCERNED IN THE RECENT DISPUTE BETWEEN GERMANY AND POLAND.



DOCKS AT DANZIG: A HARBOUR SCENE NEAR THE ISLAND OF WESTERPLATTE, THE INCREASE OF THE POLISH GARRISON ON WHICH CAUSED A PROTEST FROM DANZIG TO THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS.



THE OLD HARBOUR AT DANZIG: A VIEW SHOWING THE PICTURESQUE BUILDINGS ALONG THE WATER-FRONT, AND THE CATHEDRAL IN THE BACKGROUND.



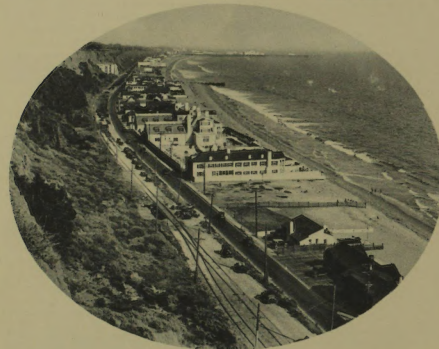
THE ARSENAL AT DANZIG: AN ORNATE FAÇADE, WITH CARVING OVER THE ENTRANCES AND STATUES BETWEEN THE DIVISIONS OF THE ROOF AND AT EACH END.



EARTHQUAKE HAVOC AT THE FAMOUS PLEASURE RESORT, LONG BEACH, CALIFORNIA: SEARCHERS AT WORK AMONG FALLEN BEAMS AND DEBRIS—A PHOTOGRAPH AS TELEGRAPHED FROM AMERICA.

THE earthquake in Southern California began, with a terrific shock, at 5.54 p.m. on March 10, and continued, with more than 20 other tremors, until the following afternoon. An area over 200 miles long and 30 miles wide was affected. The number of dead was put at 119 at the moment of going to press; and the damage to property was estimated at some \$15,000,000 (at par). This compares with the thousand fatalities in the great San Francisco earthquake of 1906, when the whole of that great city was wrecked. The greatest losses of life and property were at Long Beach, where over

(Continued opposite.)

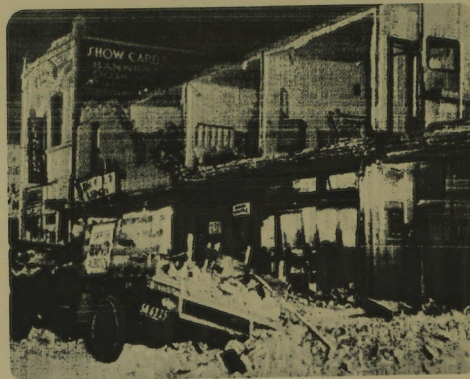


WHERE MANY WEALTHY AMERICANS WINTERING ON THE PACIFIC COAST SUFFERED ALL THE HORRORS OF EARTHQUAKE: A VIEW OF LONG BEACH, CALIFORNIA, WHERE THERE WERE SOME 65 DEAD AND 1000 INJURED.



AN AMERICAN PLEASURE CITY WHICH, AFTER THE EARTHQUAKE, HAD TO BE PATROLLED BY SAILORS AND MARINES AND PARTIALLY FED BY THE RED CROSS: A VIEW OF LONG BEACH, SHOWING ARRANGEMENTS FOR SEASIDE AMUSEMENTS.

THE EARTHQUAKE IN CALIFORNIA: QUARTERS DEVASTATED



THE FRONT OF A HOTEL AT LONG BEACH (CALLED "THE MILLIONAIRES' PLAYGROUND"), SHATTERED BY THE EARTHQUAKE, AND A LOBBY HALF-CRUSHED BY FALLEN DEBRIS: A PHOTOGRAPH AS TELEGRAPHED.



THE SKYSCRAPER OF THE CITY HALL, LOS ANGELES: A MASSIVE TOWER WHICH SWAYED WITH THE EARTHQUAKE—BUT NOT MORE THAN IT WAS DESIGNED TO BY THE ARCHITECT.

(Continued.)
President Roosevelt, as soon as he learned of the catastrophe, directed the Army, Navy, and public health services to give all possible assistance; and the Treasury Department authorised the Californian banks to advance whatever cash was needed by the victims. The first shock of the earthquake came at a time when the home-going business rush was at its height. There was panic everywhere. Scores of hundreds more being struck down in the streets by falling walls and cornices, showers of bricks, and chunks of concrete and other debris. Some were crushed in their motor-cars. Numbers of the oil-derricks behind Long Beach caught fire. At Los Angeles the glittering skyscraper of the City Hall building, specially built to

PLEASURE CITIES AND BUSINESS OR DAMAGED BY SHOCKS.



A CITY WHERE THE SHOCK WAS FELT AND ALMOST EVERY WINDOW WAS SMASHED: LOS ANGELES FROM THE AIR; SHOWING THE FAMOUS CITY HALL SKYSCRAPER (BACK GROUND, CENTRE), BUILT TO WITHSTAND EARTHQUAKES.



IN LOS ANGELES, WHERE THE FIRST SHOCK COINCIDED WITH THE EVENING TRAFFIC "RUSH HOUR," AND RESULTED IN A TERRIBLE PANIC: A VIEW OF BROADWAY, LOOKING NORTH.

withstand earthquakes, swayed perceptibly (according to one account, to the full ten feet allowed it by its architect). The damage in Los Angeles was, however, comparatively slight; a huge water-tank bursting and houses being flooded, and every window in the city being smashed. The shocks were felt only slightly in Hollywood, though hundreds of cinema workers, directors, and stars rushed into the streets. Many of the most prominent stars were attending a meeting to consider what to do about prospective salary cuts. The conference went on without interruption, though, according to some accounts, one or two heavy bargains were struck. It is thought that the epicentre of the disturbance was in the Pacific ocean, probably off Newport Beach.



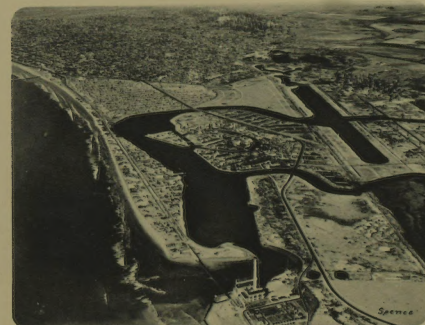
THE SCENE AT COMPTON, BETWEEN LOS ANGELES AND LONG BEACH, WHERE NEARLY A SCORE OF PEOPLE WERE KILLED: A PHOTOGRAPH AS TELEGRAPHED—SHOWING A CRANE AT WORK CLEARING THE BUSINESS QUARTER.

(Continued.)
seventy persons were killed, and at Compton, between Long Beach and Los Angeles, where over twenty people were killed. The City Manager of Long Beach set 2000 men to work on March 11, clearing wreckage and searching for bodies. Four thousand soldiers, sailors, and marines patrolled the streets, keeping the crowds moving and preventing looting. A director of the Red Cross, who flew to the scene from San Francisco, ordered large quantities of foodstuffs to be brought to Long Beach by lorry; and, with the aid of the military authorities, set up moving kitchens all over the affected area.

(Continued below on left.)



LOFTY BUILDINGS WHICH WERE SHAKEN AT SAN DIEGO, NEAR THE MEXICAN BORDER: A DISTRICT WHERE A JARRING LATERAL SHOCK WAS EXPERIENCED AND WIRELESS STATIONS WERE INTERRUPTED.



LONG BEACH, THE GREAT PACIFIC COAST RESORT, SEVERELY SHAKEN BY THE EARTHQUAKE: AN AERIAL VIEW SHOWING THE POWER STATION IN THE FOREGROUND AND (AT THE BACK) THE OIL-FIELD WHERE FIRES OCCURRED.

THE CAMERA AS RECORDER: HOME NEWS BY PHOTOGRAPHY.



THE MARQUESS OF HASTINGS.



LORD BYRON.



ROBERT GRIMSTON.



SIR GEORGE O. TREVELYAN.



LORD GEORGE HAMILTON.



BISHOP GORE.

HARROW HONOURS FAMOUS SONS: MEMORIAL PLAQUES TO DISTINGUISHED OLD HARROVIANS UNVEILED BY LORD TOMLIN IN SPEECH ROOM ON FOUNDER'S DAY.

During the celebration of Founder's Day at Harrow on March 9, Lord Tomlin, President of the Harrow Association, unveiled six new panels, forming part of the series which is being put up on the oak screen behind the stage in Speech Room in memory of distinguished Harrovians of the past. The new panels, like the rest of the series, were designed by Mr. Kruger-Gray, and carved under the direction of Mr. Laurence Turner. The first Marquess of Hastings, while Earl of

Molra, was Acting Grand Master of Freemasons in England, and Acting Grand Master Mason in Scotland, and his panel was presented by old Harrovian Freemasons. The late Mr. John Galsworthy's name is among those of the Harrovian writers of to-day who, with other old Harrovians, presented the Byron panel. Former members of the cricket XI. gave the Grimston panel. Lord George Hamilton's sons, brother, and other near kinsmen, are the donors of his panel.



THE "REVOPLANE": A NEW TYPE OF HELICOPTER, WHICH RECENTLY UNDERWENT ITS FIRST TESTS AT HESTON.

The "Revoplane," underwent tests at Heston Aerodrome on March 9. It was invented by two Austrians, Herren Bruno Nogler and Raoul Hafner. It was fastened to the ground with ropes for this first test to prevent any serious consequences from misjudgments in handling controls, and, though thus tethered, rose a foot into the air.

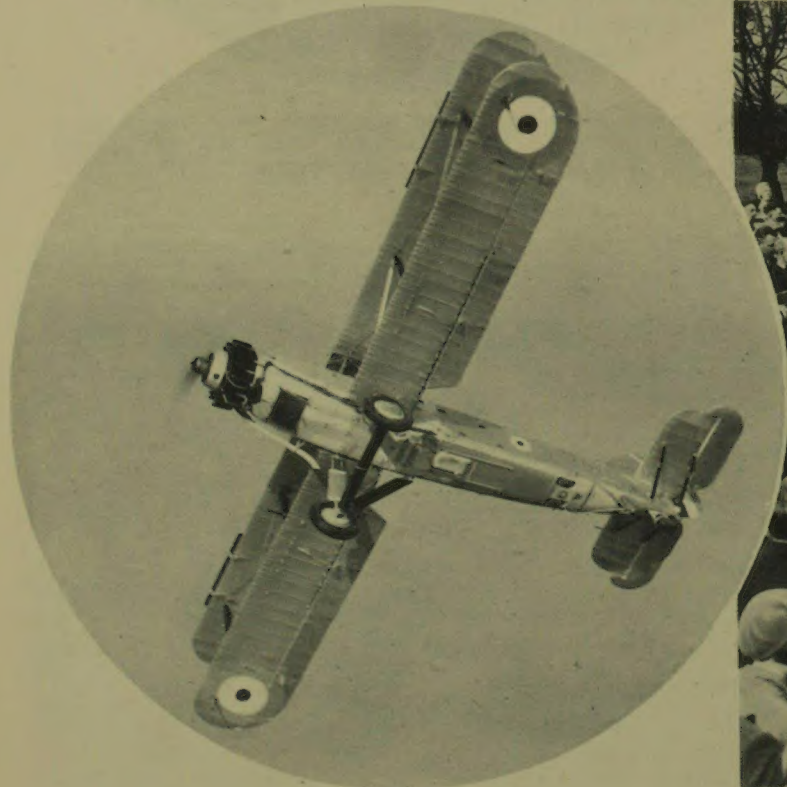


THE NEW KING'S BARGEMASTER TRYING ON HIS NEW UNIFORM: MR. "BOSSIE" PHELPS.

Mr. "Bossie" Phelps has been confirmed in his appointment as King's Bargemaster in succession to Mr. Bill East, who died last year. The new Oxford boat, for the race with Cambridge on April 1, left Mr. Phelps's boat-house at Putney and arrived by road at Henley on March 11. It was immediately rigged for a trial and the crew made a short outing in it before doing the serious work of the day in the old boat. The Oxford crew have recently been handicapped by illness; Migotti, who rows bow, was temporarily replaced by G. I. F. Thomson.



THE NEW BOAT FOR THE OXFORD CREW BEING CARRIED OUT AT PUTNEY.



THE FAIREY "SEAL": AN UNSINKABLE FLEET AIR ARM MACHINE THAT SURVIVED RAMMING BY A BATTLE-SHIP.

The Fairey "Seal," a new aircraft for the Fleet Air Arm, is virtually unsinkable, owing to air-bags inside the fuselage and wings. During tests a Fairey "Seal" was "landed" on the sea without its float undercarriage. It was struck by a pinnacle, which damaged the tail and fuselage, but it did not sink. Then it was run down by a battle-ship, but bobbed up on the other side and remained afloat.



A MEMORIAL SERVICE FOR ZEPPELIN RAIDERS BURIED IN ENGLAND: THE CEREMONY IN POTTERS BAR CHURCHYARD, ATTENDED BY THE GERMAN AMBASSADOR.

The annual German memorial service at Potters Bar, Middlesex, over the graves of the crews of two Zeppelins brought down there and at Cuffley in 1916, was held on Sunday, March 12. The German Ambassador, Herr von Hoesch, deposited a wreath of laurel and Madonna lilies, and hymns were sung by German nurses. Over 1000 people were present, among them the mother of Commander H. Mathy, killed in Zeppelin "L31." The service ended with a "silence," and two British aeroplanes flying overhead shut off their engines.

FUR-CAPPED FOR A WINTER CAMPAIGN IN THE COLD FAR EAST.



THE "CHANTECLER" TOUCH IN MILITARY HEADGEAR: ANIMAL-SKIN WINTER "HELMETS" AS WORN IN CAPTURED JEHOL.

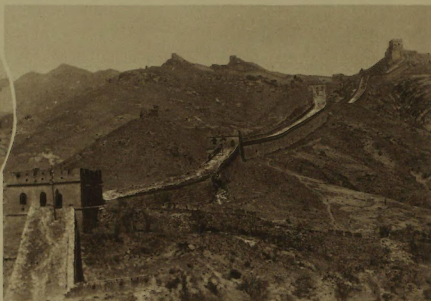
The rigours of a winter campaign in the province of Jehol, lately overrun by the Japanese, caused many men on both sides, it is said, to wear fur headgear of various kinds, giving them a strangely bizarre appearance. We illustrate some typical examples. In an article describing them a French writer says: "Japanese and Chinese soldiers went on fighting, however severe the weather, and Heaven knows how terribly cold the Manchurian winter can be, especially when the north-west wind blows fiercely from Mongolia. Consequently, in all the provinces of Manchuria the natives provide themselves with effective head-dresses cut from the skins of animals and skilfully made up. Sheep, goats, foxes, wolves, hares and camels are laid under contribution, and by the diversity of their fur impart to the wearers a surprisingly comical appearance.

When one first sees them, all these Far Eastern faces look so peculiar that one cannot help recalling those scenes in 'Chantecler,' where the fighting-cocks confront each other with quivering crests and ruffled feathers. These huge head-dresses, surmounting faces pinched with cold, with reddened eyes and contracted eyelids, produce an incredibly haggard and dishevelled effect. In the heat of action these fearsome faces look wild and tragic. But only let some little amusing incident occur—a witty word or a humorous gesture—and they will relax into a broad smile. Laughter lights up and transforms their ferocious-looking countenances, and makes them suddenly human and infinitely appealing. From behind the mask the man appears, with his disarming, infantile gaiety, good humour, and natural *joie de vivre*."

THE CHINESE SIDE OF THE CAMPAIGN TROOPS AT THE FRONT; PRIMITIVE



THE CHINESE GOVERNOR OF JEHOL, FOR WHOM A WARRANT WAS ISSUED WHEN HE FLED AFTER HAVING ABANDONED THE CAPITAL: GENERAL TANG YU-LIN, RUMOURED LATER TO HAVE BEEN ASSASSINATED.



PART OF THE GREAT WALL OF CHINA: AN OBJECT OF ANXIETY TO CHINESE AFTER THE JAPANESE OCCUPIED JEHOL, IN VIEW OF THEIR POSSIBLE ADVANCE BEYOND IT INTO NORTHERN CHINA.

IN THE LOST PROVINCE OF JEHOL: TRANSPORT; WOMEN'S WORK.



AN OLD CHINESE IMPERIAL BUILDING AT JEHOL CITY: A PICTURESQUE PAVILION WITH GOLDEN DRAGONS ON THE ROOF, ONE OF WHICH (NOW MISSING) IS FADED TO HAVE FLOWN AWAY AT NIGHT.



CHINESE MACHINE-GUNNERS, WITH INFANTRY BEYOND, DURING THE OPERATIONS AGAINST THE JAPANESE IN THE PROVINCE OF JEHOL: TYPES OF A FORCE PITTED AGAINST SUPERIOR MECHANICAL EQUIPMENT.



YOUNG CHINA'S PART IN CIVILIAN PREPARATIONS TO HELP THE TROOPS DURING THE JEHOL CAMPAIGN: CHINESE CHILDREN OCCUPIED IN ROLLING BANDAGES FOR THE USE OF THE WOUNDED.



THE WORK OF CHINESE WOMEN, WHO ORGANISED SUPPLIES AND TRENCH COMFORTS TO THE TROOPS: A GROUP ENGAGED IN KNITTING SOCKS.



THEMSELVES INTO GROUPS FOR SENDING MEDICAL SUPPLIES TO THE TROOPS: FACING THE RIGOURS OF THE WINTER CAMPAIGN: FOR THE MEN AT THE FRONT.



AT WORK ON THE MAKING OF FIELD DRESSINGS TO BE USED AT THE FRONT IN THE JEHOL CAMPAIGN: ANOTHER GROUP OF CHINESE WOMEN BELONGING TO A VOLUNTARY ORGANISATION.

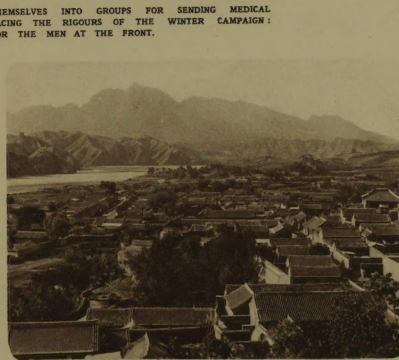


CAMEL: PORT AS USED BY THE CHINESE FORCES, WHOSE EQUIPMENT WAS SAID TO BE MUCH LESS UP TO DATE AND EFFICIENT THAN THAT OF THE JAPANESE: A SOMEWHAT HEAVY-LADEN ANIMAL.



AT THE PASS OF KOUPEIKOU, OCCUPIED BY THE JAPANESE ON MARCH 8: CHINESE MULE-DRAWN CARTS COMING THROUGH THE ANCIENT GATEWAY, WITH A VIEW OF THE GREAT WALL ON THE HILLS BEYOND.

aeroplanes and the rapid advance of tanks and lorry-borne artillery. After a conference of Chinese military leaders, near Peking, it was announced that Chang Hsueh-liang, Commander-in-Chief of the north-eastern frontier defence, had resigned, but that national opinion in China demanded resumption of hostilities. A Tokyo report of March 12, however, stated that the capture



THE VILLAGE OF KOUPEIKOU, NEAR THE PASS CAPTURED BY THE JAPANESE: A VIEW SHOWING, IN THE DISTANCE, THE MOUNTAINS THROUGH WHICH WINDS THE HISTORIC ROAD BETWEEN JEHOL CITY AND PEKING.

of Koupeikou had relieved Japanese anxieties at the Great Wall, and it was unlikely Japanese forces would enter northern China. On March 11 British wireless listeners had an opportunity of hearing both sides of the Manchurian dispute in official statements broadcast in London by the B.B.C. Mr. Matsuoka, who headed the Japanese delegation to the League of Nations,



SHANSI CARTS HAULING SUPPLIES OVER ROCKY MOUNTAIN PASSES FOR THE CHINESE TROOPS DURING THE OPERATIONS IN JEHOL: VEHICLES WITH SMALL SOLID WHEELS OF A CURIOUSLY PRIMITIVE TYPE.

spoke first on behalf of Japan, and then China's case was presented by Mr. Quo Tai-chi, the Chinese Minister to this country. Mr. Matsuoka said that Japan could not allow any people hostile to her to control Manchuria, any more than we could allow others to control Egypt, Malta, or Gibraltar. Great Britain could not and did not bring her Shanghai case of 1927 before the League of Nations. The Chinese Minister, who relied on the Lytton Report as a clear judgment for China, contended that Japan's policy was one of conquest on the mainland of Asia, and declared that her militarists desired also to expel the white races from the Far East.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

SINCE the advent of the National Government, party politics have been more or less in a state of suspended animation, like the Sleeping Beauty; but of late there have been signs of restored vitality. Something has snapped the charm, and controversy begins to revive. On the Conservative side, misgivings have arisen, in particular, about the new legislation for India. It is not a question to be complacently shelved, as in the council chamber of the fairy kingdom, when awakened majesty, startled out of his hundred years' nap, caressed a royal beard and remarked—

"My lord, and shall we pass the bill
I mention'd half an hour ago?"

It may be opportune, then, to consider two books which, between them, embody Conservative opinion. The Party's adherents will recognise, as a tower of strength for their cause and doctrine, so able and trenchant a work as "CONSERVATISM IN ENGLAND." An Analytical, Historical, and Political Survey. By F. J. C. Hearnshaw, LL.D., author of "Democracy at the Crossways" (Macmillan; 8s. 6d.). Here is the quintessence of the Conservative faith expressed with energy and conviction, along with a study of its development from past centuries and discussion of its prospects. To the Party's present leader the author pays an enthusiastic tribute. "Mr. Baldwin," he says, "is gifted with prophetic vision, and has shown himself capable of sounding the high authentic note of noble captaincy. He stands in the great succession of Bolingbroke, Burke, and Beaconsfield. . . . He

involved in the 'self-governing' proclamation of 1917, and immensely aggravated by the Montagu-Chelmsford Report of 1918, and by the Government of India Act of 1920. Already the fruits of this disastrous aberration—this attempt to confer self-government upon a continent unready to receive it—have been sufficiently displayed in widespread ruin and bloodshed. And the end is not yet."

The paramount duty of Conservatism, however, in the author's opinion, is to combat Socialism, particularly in its logically final form of Communism. "It is to be combated," he declares, "not in the interests of any exclusive or privileged classes, but in the interests of the nation as a whole. For in the long run it is the poor, even more than the rich, who suffer from the absurdities and iniquities by means of which Socialism seeks to ease the discomforts of its votaries. . . . Socialism (with Communism as its superlative) is of all the products of human perversity the most deadly foe to personal freedom. Its watchword is equality, and equality is essentially and eternally incompatible with liberty. If men are free, they are bound to be unequal; if they remain equal, it can only be because all of them have become slaves." Conservatives, as Professor Hearnshaw points out, are sometimes at a loss to expound, or defend, the faith that is in them, against their more glib and aggressive opponents. His book provides them with a complete armoury of argument. It should be in the hands of every Conservative agent, canvasser, and voter throughout the King's dominions.

the old phrase—"a red rag to a bull." Here, then, we have a score or so of Oxonian matadors rushing into the arena, each flaunting his particular red rag to infuriate John Bull. Mr. Comyns Carr explains in his preface the plan and purpose of the book. The contributors were selected from among men and women now or recently up at Oxford, and likely to make their mark in the future. Each was asked to write on some one thing which he or she hated, though some of them have been unable to restrict themselves to a single *bête noire*. Each essay is headed by a short personal account of the author. The subjects pilloried in these lively diatribes are very various, and include Diehards, international snobbery, garden cities, Buchmanites, and literary persons.

By way of counterblast to the impression conveyed by the Union's vote, it seems to me only fair to mention that this book, claiming to represent young Oxford's ideas, is rather on the other side. Thus in "Some Personal Dislikes" the Hon. Quintin Hogg writes: "I dislike those who describe themselves as Pacifists. . . . Pacifism is blind. It attacks the shadow and will be destroyed by the substance. It preaches that war is a crime and armaments something to be ashamed of. As a matter of fact, both are merely symptomatic and not organic to the disease. As a consequence, war fever will probably destroy pacifism. War in existing society is often a right, sometimes a duty. . . . There is another and more dangerous side to pacific propaganda. Pacifists have a definite foreign policy. That policy is certain to lead to war."



A SECTION OF THE NEWLY REVEALED REMBRANDT SELF-PORTRAIT THAT IS ILLUSTRATED OPPOSITE; MAGNIFIED TO SHOW THE DETAILS OF THE SIGNATURE AND DATE (1660), WHICH CLEANING HAS RENDERED CLEARLY VISIBLE.

Rembrandt's signature, barely visible to the right of the neck in the big reproduction opposite (where the inscription at the top is, of course, comparatively recent), is perfectly clear in this magnified section of the picture.

will have, if all goes well, still greater services to render both to Conservatism and to country in the future."

Professor Hearnshaw's opening words struck a chord of memory in my own mind, for they indicate that, as undergraduates, we must have been contemporaries. "Forty years ago," he writes, "it was my privilege to begin my study of history at Cambridge under the luminous guidance of Sir John Seeley. . . . He summed up his teaching as to the intimate relation between history and politics in the admirable aphorism: 'History without political science has no fruit; political science without history has no root.' . . . Though history was not my official subject, I acquired for private reading several of Seeley's books, such as "Ecce Homo," "Natural Religion," and "The Expansion of England." Just now, when I took down the last-named work from its shelf to look at it again, under the stimulus of Professor Hearnshaw's remarks, there fell out of it some papers which I had quite forgotten, relating, curiously enough, to the question of British rule in India. One was an essay on India, somewhat anti-British in tone, written (in 1920) by a man from Ceylon who was then a pupil of mine in English composition. The other paper contained my critical notes on the essay, in which, it seems, I had lectured him in the manner of a leading article! Among other posers, I suggested: "Without the British, how would India have gained a sense of national unity? . . . Are the masses of India sufficiently educated yet for full representative government?" And so on.

In his new volume, Professor Hearnshaw does not say much about India; that country is not even mentioned in the index; but I find one allusion which, though brief, is sufficiently emphatic. He has just been condemning the 1916-1922 Coalition under Mr. Lloyd George, wherein Conservatives predominated. Enumerating things then perpetrated which "no Conservative government true to its principles" would have done, he writes: "Thirdly, it would not have made the fatal mistake in Indian policy

Kindred views are expressed with great ability in "WHITHER, ENGLAND?" or, the Letters of a Young Conservative. By Hugh Sellon. With Introduction by the Rt. Hon. Walter Elliot, M.P. (Peter Davies; 7s. 6d.). Mr. Sellon writes with equal enthusiasm for the cause, but he is concerned more fully with the present than the past, and he shows a somewhat more conciliatory spirit. Thus one of his letters is addressed "To a Communist Friend." Here he says: "Communism is bound to be hostile to the principle of the family. . . . On this rock—the rock of every parent's wish to save for the future welfare of his children—Communism will break."

Mr. Sellon's book deserves to be widely read by all who take a practical interest in politics, and his experience as a lecturer at Ashridge makes him well qualified, in particular, to understand the needs of the student. His letters are lucidly expressed and cover a wide range of subjects, including industry, agriculture, national institutions, imperial questions, foreign affairs, and women's share in public life. The letter on this last subject, addressed, like all the others, to some specified individual, contains telling remarks on the shortcomings of our educational system, a matter in which, as the author points out, women are especially fitted to play a reforming part. Another question which he commends to their attention is that of social legislation, and here he makes a vigorous attack on the pettifogging restrictions which are commonly associated with the name of D.O.R.A.

After the recent rumpus about the pacifist pronouncement of the Oxford Union, there is a topical note in "RED RAGS." Essays of Hate from Oxford. With an Epilogue by Mr. Justice McCardie. Edited by Richard Comyns Carr (Chapman and Hall; 6s.). It may be well to state at once that the hue of these "rags" is not to be regarded as Bolshevistic, while one essay at least attacks pacifism, and another is aimed against the "desecrators of the family." The title, I take it, is rather used in the sense of

Tempora mutantur, nos et mutamur in illis. At Oxford, indeed, times have changed, and men with them. The difference wrought in the last seventy years or so might be appreciated by comparing this modern "symposium of hate" with an older volume voicing religious heterodoxy. I should like to see a review of "Red Rags," for example, by Benjamin Jowett, or one of his collaborators in "Essays and Reviews." Equally illuminating, from an opposite angle, would be a tract devoted to it by one of the Tractarians. This brings me to a book that makes a timely appearance in connection with this year's centenary of the Tractarian Movement, namely, "CARDINAL NEWMAN AND OXFORD." By J. M. Flood. With four Portraits (Ivor Nicholson and Watson; 10s. 6d.). Its object is to provide a compact study of Newman's Oxford years, 1816-1845, "in many ways the most interesting and memorable period of his career," with a picture of the society in which he moved, the influences of his time, and facts that show his temperament, ideals, and outlook. This phase of his life, the author considers, has not hitherto been treated with the fullness it deserves.

Mr. Flood's book tends to show that, while the Oxford Movement nominally dates from Keble's sermon on National Apostasy in 1833, Newman was really the moving spirit. Among its most interesting passages are those describing his voyage to Greece and Sicily, with the resultant poems; pen-portraits of his friends and associates; and the final story of his growing doubts about Anglicanism and his pathetic farewell to Oxford after his secession. It is curious to reflect that at one time, as he put it, he "detested the Roman Catholic system." The passage that pleases me most in this book, however, has nothing to do with theological controversy; it is his charming tribute to the beauty of Cambridge. "Surely there is a *genius loci* here," he said, "as in my own dear home. I do really think the place finer than Oxford." C. E. B.

A REMBRANDT REVEALED: A WORK LONG UNRECOGNISED AT WELBECK.

REPRODUCED BY COURTESY OF HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF PORTLAND, K.G.

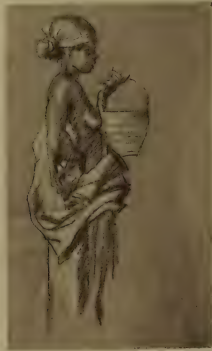


IDENTIFIED AS A SELF-PORTRAIT BY REMBRANDT — SIGNED, AND DATED 1660, WHEN THE ARTIST WAS BANKRUPT AND ILL: A MASTERPIECE SUGGESTING THE TRAGEDY OF GENIUS IN ECLIPSE.

By the courtesy of the Duke of Portland, we are able to reproduce this self-portrait by Rembrandt which, for many years, hung dirty and disregarded at Welbeck. Cleaning has rendered completely visible the signature and date (1660), and the picture now takes its rightful place among the several portraits of the later years of the painter. All his life Rembrandt was never happier than when he was painting himself and the members of his family, and we have an almost complete record of his personal appearance from his early years of worldly success down to his death. By 1660 he was already a tired and disappointed man: he was a bankrupt; he was ill and worried; his sombre and profound genius was no longer to the taste of his contemporaries. Some-

thing of the tragedy of this period is to be seen in this powerful painting. The inscription visible at the top of the photograph is, of course, comparatively recent. While the interest of this new discovery lies in the revelation of Rembrandt's character and aims, those of our readers who are interested in problems of photography are invited to study our reproduction with care. A Rembrandt, with its dark and very subtle gradations of tone values, is always a difficult problem to the photographic expert; in this case Mr. A. C. Cooper has succeeded, without the help of X or any other rays, in penetrating below the surface of a good deal of dirty varnish and bringing to light the original quality of a great master's work. The size of the painting is 76·8 by 60·9 cm.

STUDIES FOR THE BRANGWYN PANELS AT THE IDEAL HOME EXHIBITION:



A FAMOUS art controversy is recalled by the announcement that, in the "Daily Mail" Ideal Home Exhibition at Olympia (March 29 to April 29) will be shown, for the first time to the public, the whole series of sixteen large decorative paintings by Mr. Frank Brangwyn, R.A., designed for the Royal Gallery at the House of Lords, but ultimately rejected, on the adverse report of a Royal Fine Arts Commission, as out of harmony with the surroundings. The decision was hotly disputed in the art world, and many critics still regard the work as the decorative masterpiece of our time. For Mr. Brangwyn himself it was a tragedy, as he had devoted all his powers to the work for seven years. The general public can now

(Continued below.)



STEPS TO MR. FRANK BRANGWYN'S DECORATIVE MASTERPIECE: EXAMPLES OF HIS COUNTLESS PRELIMINARY SKETCHES.

form an opinion. There is also in preparation a sumptuous volume containing colour and other reproductions of all the panels, besides many preliminary sketches. This work, entitled "The British Empire Panels Designed for the House of Lords by Frank Brangwyn, R.A.," with text by Herbert Furst and

Foreword by the Earl of Iveagh, will be issued shortly by Messrs. F. Lewis (Publishers), Ltd., of Benfleet, Essex, at about 52s. 6d. for a limited *édition de luxe*, and about 25s. for the ordinary edition. The late Lord Iveagh, we may recall, had offered to redecorate the Royal Gallery in connection with the "Peers' War" [Continued opposite.]

A FIRST PUBLIC VIEW OF THE ARTIST'S MOST FAMOUS MURAL WORK.



ONE OF A SET OF MURAL PAINTINGS ORIGINALLY DESIGNED BY MR. BRANGWYN FOR THE ROYAL GALLERY AT THE HOUSE OF LORDS: THE LEFT-HAND PANEL FOR THE NORTH WALL.



THE CENTRE PANEL INTENDED FOR THE NORTH WALL: ONE PART OF MR. BRANGWYN'S MONUMENTAL DECORATIVE SCHEME TYPIFYING INDUSTRIES AND PRODUCTS OF THE EMPIRE.



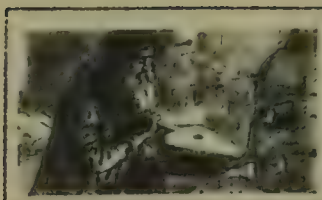
THE RIGHT-HAND PANEL INTENDED FOR THE NORTH WALL OF THE ROYAL GALLERY AT THE HOUSE OF LORDS: PART OF A MODERN MASTERPIECE IN MURAL DECORATION.



THE CENTRE PANEL INTENDED FOR THE SOUTH WALL IN THE ROYAL GALLERY: EXOTIC REGIONS OF THE EMPIRE SYMBOLICALLY PORTRAYED BY A GREAT MODERN DECORATIVE ARTIST.

Memorial, and commissioned Mr. Brangwyn as our greatest mural decorative artist. The subject was "The British Empire," its material products and fruitfulness. The task entailed immense labour, hundreds of preliminary sketches, and a vast collection of illustrations of racial types, animals, and

exotic plants. Many living models were employed, including Hindus, Burmese, Siamese, and Negroes. The completed work symbolises, in vivid colours and luxuriant exuberance, all the varied splendour of the Empire's natural resources. Six of the panels measure 20 ft. by 13 ft.



THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



THE COMFORTABLE WORD "EVOLUTION."

By W. P. PYCRAFT, F.Z.S., Author of "Camouflage in Nature," "The Courtship of Animals," "Random Gleanings from Nature's Fields," etc.

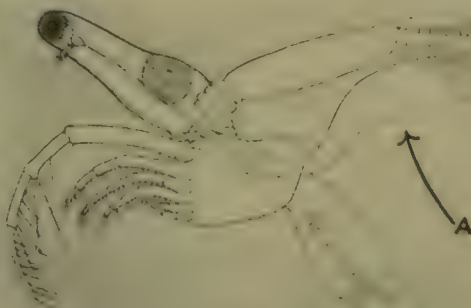
TO the plain man, what Huxley called the "comfortable word evolution," has still only a very nebulous meaning. But there are not a few who should know better, who for their own ends make it a theme to gibe at, apparently hoping thereby to discourage any desire to satisfy incipient curiosity in this direction. By this fatuous conduct they seem to regard themselves as men who are fearlessly "bearding the lion in his den." Their criticism is not only futile, but deplorable. For not only do they invariably display an abysmal ignorance of the meaning of this word, as used by the biologist, but they at the same time place stumbling-blocks in the path of those who, cut off by force of circumstances from all opportunity of studying the mysteries of life at first hand, are anxious to obtain enlightenment from those who are striving to spread a knowledge of the miracles and mysteries of life in all its manifold forms.

"Science" may be defined as ordinary common sense under discipline. Thus it is within the power of us all to be "scientists." All who would eat of the fruit of the Tree of Knowledge may do so, if only they will take the trouble to find the way to get at that fruit. One inane argument of these would-be critics of Science—if it can be called an argument—is that the man of science is always changing his point of view. So also is the mountaineer as he climbs each fresh peak. If we are to "let knowledge grow from more to more," we must of necessity constantly revise, constantly re-state our facts. We are always being told by those who use the word "evolution" for obscurantist ends that it is supposed to mean "progress." It has nothing whatever to do with progress. A tape-worm and a tiger are as much, and as certainly, the products of evolution as man himself is. Nor does the word "evolution" lose one jot of its force because it is often peculiarly difficult, or even impossible, to hazard more than a tentative guess as to the "how" or the "why" of particular instances of evolution.

These comments on an insidious and poisonous form of doing evil that good may come were aroused by an old friend of mine who sent me a specimen, a day or two ago, of that extraordinary crustacean known as the "flat-lobster" (*Scyllaris*). There are two species of the genus *Scyllaris*, and this one bears the specific name *latus*. This particular specimen came from Madeira, but it also extends to the Mediterranean coasts, where it is much in demand as a delicacy, being regarded as superior to the lobster. It is an odd-looking creature; some, perhaps, would call it ugly. The whole of the upper surface is covered by innumerable papillæ, giving the appearance of a coarse shagreen, of a shade which one might call "coffee-coloured," relieved by a tinge of cobalt blue capping the papillæ, and more pronounced round the margins of the strange antennæ.

Unlike its cousin the lobster, it has no "big claws." Indeed, none of the feet have "nippers" in the male; but a small pair arm the last pair of hind-legs in the female. What their function is we have yet to discover. Another striking feature is the "carapace," or head-shield, which is sharply truncated in front. But stranger still are the second pair of antennæ, formed of a series of flat plates jointed together, as may be seen in the photograph.

The first pair are conspicuously long and end in flagella. How are we to account for the many and singular peculiarities which cause this creature to



1. AN EXTRAORDINARY TRANSFORMATION OF THE CARAPACE OF A CRUSTACEAN: *LEPTODORA HYALINA*, A WEIRD-LOOKING INHABITANT OF AN ENGLISH LAKE, WHOSE CARAPACE, OR HEAD-SHIELD, HAS BEEN TRANSFORMED TO FORM A POUCH FOR THE EGGS (A).

This "water-flea," which was found in Lake Bassenthwaite (Cumberland) by the great Swedish naturalist, Lilljeborg, swims by means of its antennæ. Its eye can be seen at the extreme end of its snout, on the left.

differ so widely from what we may call the "typical" lobster?

Much that now mystifies us may become apparent

when we know more of its habits and haunts. So far, all that we know is that it leads a very sedentary life, wedged in between crevices of the rock on the sea-floor, where it is practically invisible owing to the likeness to its surroundings furnished by the asperities which cover the upper surface of the body. But since it has no big claws, how does it capture and break up its food? Here, it would seem, we shall find the clue to the singular construction of the antennæ, for these are said to be used in covering and perhaps holding down and smothering its food. Or they may help to shove it backwards into the mouth.

But *Scyllaris* in infancy is just as astonishing. Its larval stage was dubbed "Phyllosoma"—the leaf-bodied one. The older naturalists never suspected that in due time it would undergo the amazing transformation which would convert it into "*Scyl-*

larus." As will be seen in the photograph (Fig. 2), it bears not the remotest likeness to the adult form. In this infantile shape the body is translucent,

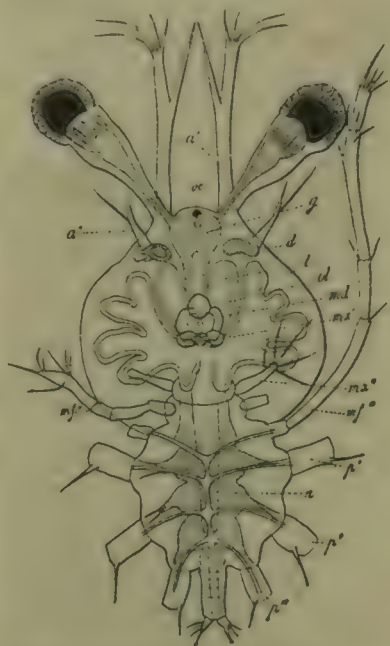
and flattened out as though it had been kept in a press, while the long, slender, bi-ramose legs show that it is during these early days a wanderer on the face of the waters. It belongs, in short, for a space to what is known as the "plankton" fauna; that is to say, the floating life of the sea, carried about, in common with myriads of other types, by currents. The long legs support the frail body so that it sinks but slowly, while by their movement the surface is again reached.

Phyllosoma-larvæ were known as "glass-crabs," from their frailty and transparency. But all such larvæ do not become "flat-lobsters"; for some of them are really the young of the huge "spiny-lobster," or "crawfish." This is astonishing indeed. But it becomes still more so when we reflect that the young of the common lobster have a totally different shape. The crawfish, like the flat-lobster, it is true, has no big claws, and this fact is a sign of blood-relationship; the "phyllosoma-larvæ" is another. But the adult crawfish is much more like the ordinary lobster than it is like *Scyllaris*. The length of the whip-like antennæ of the rock-lobster, or crawfish, exceeds that of the body, thereby standing in the strongest possible contrast with the shovel-like plates of *Scyllaris*. From the fact that these two, so widely different as adults, share a common likeness in the "glass-crab" stage, we know that they share a common descent. What agencies brought about their ultimate divergence we have yet to discover.

This theme of transformation, even when confined to the crustacea, brings one face to face with some extraordinary manifestations. Let me, for example, cite that area of the body which in the more highly specialised crustacea covers the region of the walking legs, and is known as the carapace. In that singular creature,

Leptodora hyalina, found in Lake Bassenthwaite (in Cumberland), we have, as will be seen in the adjoining photograph (Fig. 1), what looks like a "freak of nature." The carapace is reduced to a small cup-shaped cavity in which the eggs are carried. The swimming antennæ, thrust forward above the head, add still further to the weird shape of the whole body, rather more than half an inch long. The fringed branches of these antennæ greatly increase their surface. It was first discovered and described by the Swedish naturalist Lilljeborg, just thirty-three years ago. It is his drawing which is reproduced here, and which now figures in all our text-books.

Here, then, are some examples of "evolution"; the "emergence" of new types out of older and simpler types. When we feel inclined to contemplate miracles and mysteries, we have only to turn to nature and we shall find them in bewildering abundance.



2. THE LARVAL FLAT LOBSTER, OR "GLASS-CRAB": A YOUNGSTER WHICH IS SO COMPLETELY UNLIKE THE ADULT IN FORM THAT THE OLD NATURALISTS NEVER SUSPECTED THE RELATIONSHIP BETWEEN THEM.

The first pair of antennæ, between the eyes, are long; the second pair, between the eyes (a") answering to the "shovels" of the adult, are mere rudiments. The eyes are on long stalks. All the legs, save one on the right, have been removed. A remarkable fact is that the young rock-lobster is exactly similar in form to this, though the adult rock-lobster and flat lobster are not even remotely alike.



3. NOT AT ALL LIKE THE FAMILIAR LOBSTER ON THE FISHMONGER'S SLAB!—A FEMALE FLAT-LOBSTER (*SCYLLARUS LATUS*) FROM MADEIRA, WHICH, AMONG OTHER PECULIARITIES, HAS LARGE FLAT PLATES (A) AS ITS SECOND PAIR OF ANTENNÆ.

The so-called flat-lobster (which extends in range beyond Madeira to the Mediterranean coasts) has no "big claws," or nippers; though in the female the last pair of legs is armed (C and D). The antennæ have the form of flat plates, instead of long flexible rods; while the eyes are almost concealed in their deep sockets (B). The tail fin is of great size and unusually thin and flexible. The rough surface of the body causes it to harmonise with its surroundings, forming a means of protective camouflage.

Fort Belvedere,
Country Seat
of the
Prince of Wales:
An 18th-Century
Military Post
Converted into
a Residence
by George IV.

DIRECT COLOUR PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE FINLAY
PROCESS. REPRODUCED BY SPECIAL PERMISSION
OF H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES. (SEE ALSO
PAGES II AND III.)



THE PICTURESQUE AND HISTORIC BERKSHIRE HOME OF THE PRINCE OF WALES NEAR WINDSOR: FORT BELVEDERE AS IT IS TO-DAY—A GENERAL VIEW, SHOWING (ON THE LEFT) AN OLD MILESTONE FORMERLY ON THE ROAD OUTSIDE THE GATE OF THE FORT.



A DECORATIVE CORNER OF FORT BELVEDERE: CLIMBING ROSES ABOVE AN EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY LEADEN CISTERN BEARING THE DATE 1727 (UNDER THE CENTRAL COAT-OF-ARMS).

FORT BELVEDERE, now the country seat of the Prince of Wales, is a charming eighteenth-century house, belonging to the Crown, between Ascot and Sunningdale, close to Virginia Water and about seven miles from Windsor Castle. There is a legend, still believed by local folk, that it is connected with the Castle by an underground tunnel. Though only twenty miles from London, the estate is in the heart of the country and well wooded. From the terrace there are fine views across Windsor Great Park. The Prince has a private landing ground, and there are several golf-courses in the neighbourhood. Fort Belvedere was originally built in 1750, after the Scottish Rebellion, during the reign of George II., as a military look-out post (a purpose indicated by its name), and as such was associated with William, Duke of Cumberland, the victor of Culloden. The old guns which he mounted on the battlements are shown on page II. The fort was converted into a country house by George IV., and was enlarged during the present King's reign. Further alterations have been made for the Prince of Wales. The milestone in front of the house originally stood on the Bagshot-London road, just outside the gate of Fort Belvedere.



THE PRINCE'S GARDEN AT FORT BELVEDERE: A CHARMING BORDER ALONG A STONE WALL, INCLUDING DELPHINIUM, POLYANTHUS, AND ROSES, IN FLOWER FROM JUNE TO NOVEMBER.

The Country Home of the Prince of Wales: Fort Belvedere, With its Beautiful Gardens, Swimming-Pool, and Culloden Guns.

DIRECT COLOUR PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE FINLAY PROCESS. REPRODUCED BY SPECIAL PERMISSION OF H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES. (SEE ALSO PAGE 1.)



PART OF THE BEAUTIFUL GROUNDS OF FORT BELVEDERE AS LAID OUT FOR THE PRINCE OF WALES: A GRASS GLADE WITH FLOWERING SHRUBS AND A BORDER COMPOSED OF NEPETA AND ANTIRRHINUM.



A DELIGHTFUL CORNER AT FORT BELVEDERE: A REVERSE VIEW OF THE BORDER SEEN IN THE LEFT-HAND ILLUSTRATION, SHOWING PART OF THE HOUSE IN THE BACKGROUND.



THE SWIMMING-POOL (WITH ITS DIVING-BOARD) CONSTRUCTED IN THE GROUNDS OF FORT BELVEDERE FOR THE PRINCE OF WALES: PART OF THE SUNK GARDEN BELOW THE RAMPARTS, BORDERED BY IRIS, ROSES, AND SWEET-SMELLING PLANTS, IN A PICTURESQUE WOODLAND SETTING.

IN laying out his estate at Fort Belvedere (illustrated on the preceding page), the Prince of Wales has made the most of a beautiful situation. He has taken a great personal interest in the colour scheme of the gardens, designed by Mrs. Harry Lindsay, and these photographs reveal the delightful effects produced. The most interesting feature of the grounds, historically, is the line of thirty-one eighteenth-century 4-pounder guns ranged along the battlements. They are relics of the days when Fort Belvedere was actually a fort, used as a "look-out" by troops returned from quelling the Scottish Rebellion of 1745, and encamped in Windsor Great Park. These guns were placed there in 1750 by the Duke of Cumberland, then Ranger of the Park. Later there were added sixteen bronze 6-pounders used in the Peninsular War, but in 1893 these were removed to the Round Tower at Windsor Castle. In

Mr. J. E. Vincent's book, "Highways and Byways in Berkshire," we read: "In the belvedere is mounted a battery of artillery, and it is the very same battery that was used by William, Duke of Cumberland, against Charles Edward at Culloden." In mid-Victorian times Fort Belvedere was occupied by John Turner, Acting Master-Gunner, a retired bombardier of the Royal Artillery and a Crimean veteran. He used the guns for firing salutes on royal birthdays. In King Edward's reign the practice was discontinued, but Turner was allowed to remain, and died there in 1910, aged ninety. Queen Victoria often drove over from Windsor with her children to have tea at the Fort. The Prince of Wales had had a residence in the locality for some years, renting various houses at Sunningdale, before Fort Belvedere was ready for him. It was previously occupied by Sir Malcolm Murray, now Deputy-Ranger of Windsor Great Park.



ARTILLERY SAID TO HAVE BEEN USED AT THE BATTLE OF CULLODEN: SOME OF THE OLD EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY 4-POUNDER GUNS ON THE RAMPARTS AT FORT BELVEDERE, PLACED THERE BY THE DUKE OF CUMBERLAND AND USED IN VICTORIAN TIMES FOR FIRING ROYAL SALUTES.



By Appointment to
H.R.H. The Prince of Wales



The deep power of the big engine . . . wildly exhilarating or beautifully docile at your lightest touch . . . the uplifting surge of this great car as you swing her over a hill . . . the quiet, happy drone when you put

your foot down and the needle glides up and up . . . these are things to be felt, not just talked about. Have a word with your local Morris distributor about trying the Morris "25" . . . or write directly to us.

THREE MODELS FROM £385. TRIPLEX GLASS THROUGHOUT. DUNLOP TYRES.

MORRIS '25'

MORRIS MOTORS LTD.

COWLEY, OXFORD

THE WHIRLIGIG'S REVENGES.

BEING AN APPRECIATION OF

"GERMANY PUTS THE CLOCK BACK": By EDGAR ANSEL MOWRER.*

(PUBLISHED BY JOHN LANE.)

THERE is much pertinence, but there is also a certain irony, in the appearance of this book at the present moment. It consists of a series of articles written for the *Chicago Daily News*, and it leaves the story of post-war Germany at the point where "the rape of Prussia" had been completed by the Old Gang, who were rapidly obtaining ascendancy over Hitler's New Gang. To-day, the New Gang has swept the country, and a few members of the Old Gang cling to power most precariously and on sufferance only. The alliance between the two groups is not, in the view of this critic, as unnatural as it would seem, for both are equally reactionary and both have shown the same determination to drag Germany and Europe back to the situation of 1914.

Mr. Mowrer is a loyal adherent of his country's political doctrines, which since their enunciation have presented such an edifying spectacle to the world. His shrewd and vigorous indictment of Germany is that after the war "Germany, unlike the victorious countries, had an opportunity to achieve historical leadership through self-renewal—and missed the chance." Nominally, there was a revolution, but in reality there was no change either of system or of outlook; theoretically, there was a democratic constitution, but actually there has never been any democracy. Mr. Mowrer thus describes the measure of democracy's success among all sections of the community after fifteen years' experience: "Fourteen million reactionary Nationalists deplored its democracy. They were home-sick for despotism, demagogic or paternalistic. They thought with their 'blood.' Eleven and a half million followers of Karl Marx—the Social-Democrats and Communists—were agreed in abhorring the Republic's tolerance of capitalism. Their thoughts came from their bellies. Five million Catholics opposed its religious indifference and moral tolerance. They thought with their consciences. . . . In economics, in politics, Germany never really accepted liberalism." In the ensuing comments on the failure of the Republic, we wish to be understood as setting forth Mr. Mowrer's arguments, which are not necessarily our own.

The soil was as unfavourable as possible for that political dogma which Abraham Lincoln built on a foundation of prepositions—no doubt useful instruments of rhetoric, but singularly ineffective in government. There was the old nationalism, inculcated by leaders of thought in every department of that intellectualism which is the Teutonic fetish. There was a worship of force, a reverence for corporate solidarity, a passion for obedience which amounted to a kind of spiritual masochism. The German nation did not want government of, by, and for itself; "the vast majority of this people literally enjoyed being told what to do." There was the deeply indoctrinated conception of the supreme and holy State. And there was Prussianism. For a rhapsody on the theme of Prussianism we must turn to a Nazi leader, Joseph Goebbels: "Breeding, order, service to society, iron discipline, unconditional authority, political leadership, a strong army, a solid, incorruptible bureaucracy, national prosperity produced by the tenacious energy of its inhabitants and the iron thrift of its princes, popular Christian and patriotic education, and, beside the individual's attachment to law, a generosity of spirit, a liberalism of opinion, a religious tolerance found nowhere else—that together is Prussia."

To a nation thus disposed came crushing defeat in war and harsh terms of peace. It is a mistake to think that

Germany was "disillusioned" by defeat; millions were very soon and very readily convinced that the crash was due only to the "stab in the back," if, indeed, it was not engineered by a conspiracy of Jews. As for the Peace Treaty, it was so humiliating that it was naturally ascribed to vindictiveness, whereas French vindictiveness was only half the explanation, English and American stupidity being the other half. The founders of the Republic, in

Mr. Mowrer's opinion, were pusillanimous and shortsighted: at all events, they did not follow the programme which Mr. Mowrer himself would have adopted and which, as he sets it forth, does not seem to us conspicuous for its statesmanship. The result ever since has been that the nation has steadily repudiated a system which has never been more than a simulacrum. The first democratic President was, and has become increasingly, the very embodiment of all that is anti-democratic. The "shame of Versailles" only added the fuel of an inferiority complex to the old nationalism, which now commingled sheer hysteria with the "half coherent philosophy, the systematic teaching concerning Germany's world mission." A new militarism, dubbed "sport," sprang up; Seeckt created a remarkably efficient *Reichswehr*, and "sport" became so popular and so widespread that "it was the opinion of foreign military experts in 1932 that within a very short time after any declaration of hostilities, the German military machine—except for submarines and dreadnoughts and such gigantic apparatus—would be admirably equipped." The law played its part in the general retrogression. The German judges,

The fuel was ready, and needed only the spark of Hitler's rhetoric to convert it into the blaze which now crackles throughout Germany. "Adolf Hitler saw the young Germans and won them to his banner, chiefly because he found them at the moment of their deepest material and spiritual despair. To their empty lives he gave a meaning, however meretricious." Who was this man who could move multitudes and dominate one of the greatest countries in the world? Mr. Mowrer thus describes him: "An insignificant figure but a most unusual human being. Unlimited 'over-compensation' triumphing over innate mediocrity. An actor whose entire career was played before an inner audience. A romantic patriot and war-partisan acknowledging the rights of no people but his own. An insatiable ego striving night and day to believe that it alone was the umbilical cord linking the contemporary world to its unborn destiny. The 'last hope' of the 'lost generation' of disinherited German youth. The epitome of reaction masquerading in revolutionary bonnet."

His thought took the form of catchwords, and his appeal was purely to passion. Now, for the purposes of popular oratory, there is no form of passion so potent as hatred. Something had to be blamed for Germany's distresses, and the mood was that of the man who kicks the chair on which he has barked his shins. Consequently—hatred of France and Poland; hatred of the Jews; hatred of Communism, which, as Mr. Mowrer points out, became a sort of general dumping-ground for all the miscellaneous *bêtes noires* unclassified under any other heading. The Jews and the Bolsheviks between them were the deliberate creators of every distemper and abnormality from which Germany, in common with the rest of the world, suffered after four years of ruinous war. The converse of these phobias was an all-potential megalomania which far exceeded in intensity and fanaticism the old philosophical, historical, and militaristic nationalism. "Aryans" became a Chosen People, with a special mission to extirpate the mongrel breed which had usurped that title.

Not a single constructive idea emerged. Strangely enough, the creed masqueraded under the title of "Socialism": but the capitalistic interests of Germany were so little deceived by the label that they liberally financed the movement. War, by threat and by actual violence, was waged, and is now being waged, on all hostile opinion, and to be suspected was to be condemned. "We spit on freedom!" was one of the slogans. The rising generation were carefully trained, from infancy, to be "incubators of reaction." The supreme showmanship of Hitler embraced every artifice of theatricality and mob-intoxication, and the publicity methods described by this observer resemble the technique of an American evangelist.

How comes it that an intelligent people can accept and proclaim the ineffable twaddle about Aryanism and Nordicism? There are times when the processes of intellect and learning make one wonder whether the gift of reason is an unmixed blessing for the human race. Nothing is so supremely silly as powerful celebration directed towards futile ends. One of Mr. Mowrer's many pointed observations is that "to the outside world Germany seems the country of organised science. But equally it is the country of rampant superstition. This people is rich in intellect, poor in common sense." The German foible is to make the wish father to the philosophy. An Englishman may, and often does, dislike Jews

quite irrationally: if you ask him why, he will say vaguely, "I don't know, there's something about them . . .", but he will not attempt to prove that Christ was not a Jew, but a German, and he will not assert roundly that Einstein is commended only by the Jewish press (Mr. Mowrer gives chapter and verse for these triumphs of Nazi dialectic). The Englishman irritates every foreigner by his complacent assumption of racial superiority, but he does not, thank heaven, endeavour to prove his God-given mission by the evidence of ethnology and anthropology. Prejudice is a pardonable human weakness, but prejudice erected into dogma is an unmitigated scourge.

There is one at Doorn who must be watching events with

amusement, not unmingled with satisfaction.—C. K. A.

The opinions expressed in this article and in the book with which it deals are not necessarily our own.—EDITOR.



THE NAZI COLOURS FLYING OVER THE FORMER STRONGHOLD OF GERMAN COMMUNISM WHILE NAZIS ENTER TO TAKE POSSESSION: KARL LIEBKNECHT HOUSE, BERLIN (RENAMED HORST WESSEL HOUSE), NOW THE HEADQUARTERS OF NAZI TROOPS AND POLITICAL POLICE.

Karl Liebknecht House, in Berlin, formerly the German Communist headquarters, which had been closed by the police, was on March 8 handed over to the Nazi storm detachments of Berlin and Brandenburg province as their headquarters. It will also be used as such by the political police, a force under Nazi leadership, lately increased by the formation of three strong "flying detachments." The Nazi flag and the old imperial war flag were ceremonially hoisted on the building, which has been renamed Horst Wessel House, in memory of a Nazi "martyr."



ARRESTED COMMUNISTS IN BERLIN LINED UP TO BE SEARCHED FOR WEAPONS UNDER THE SUPERVISION OF NAZI SPECIAL POLICE: A TYPICAL INSTANCE OF THE DRASTIC CONTROL EXERCISED IN GERMANY UNDER THE HITLER RÉGIME.

Mr. Mowrer points out, were, by every association of training and tradition, predisposed to reaction, and they showed the strictest partiality in applying the law in favour of the *ancien régime*.

* "Germany Puts the Clock Back." By Edgar Ansel Mowrer, Berlin Correspondent of the *Chicago Daily News*. (John Lane, the Bodley Head; 7s. 6d. net.)

CÆSAR AND NAPOLEON—OR HISTORY ROMANCED.

By **SIGNOR GUGLIELMO FERRERO,**

The distinguished Italian Philosophical Historian; Author of "The Greatness and Decline of Rome," "Ruins of the Ancient Civilisations," etc.

We continue here our series of occasional articles by Signor Ferrero, dealing with world politics as that famous modern historian sees them and interprets them. The views set forth in the series are personal and not necessarily editorial.

JULIUS CÆSAR has no luck. After a short respite his posthumous adventures have started up again. Once more he has become the champion and master of a policy that was never his at all. Strange fate! It is worth while giving it a moment's consideration. The nineteenth century looked upon Cæsar as the destroyer of the republic and founder of the empire. He had plunged his piercing glance into the future. He had realised that the republican oligarchy was worn out and that the world was crying out for a strong rule. He had struggled all his life to replace the "parliamentary" government of the aristocracy and senate with the despotism of genius, and endow the empire with monarchical institutions that were to assure it a century of peace, prosperity, and greatness. He showed how a victorious general should treat a parliament of gas-bags. Glory be to his genius! Such is the theme on which Cæsar's most famous historians in the nineteenth century—Drumann, Mommsen, and Duruy—embroidered their ingenious variations. And the nineteenth century allowed itself to be gently convinced.

When, towards the end of the nineteenth century, I was seized with the idea of taking up that old story over again, I did not require a very strong critical knowledge to discover that it was an apocryphal romance, swarming with incompatibilities. The government that ruled the Roman Empire during the first centuries of our era was no monarchy, either as understood by the ancients or by the moderns. So even if Cæsar had founded it, he would not in any case have founded a monarchy. But Cæsar neither destroyed the republic nor created the imperial government. The imperial government was the slow outcome of several separate creations which were inspired neither by the ideas nor the example of Julius Cæsar. There is no proof whatsoever that Cæsar, except perhaps in the last two years of his life, ever contemplated seizing the supreme power. The civil war that was the culmination of his pro-consulate of the Gauls was nothing but an accident, brought on by the hatred and mistakes of his adversaries. Instead of curing the evils that afflicted the republic, it made them worse, throwing Cæsar himself, his enemies, the Roman state, and the empire into the most inextricable difficulties. And if Cæsar now occupies one of the foremost places in the history of antiquity, it is not by any means because he destroyed the republic and founded the empire, but because he conquered Gaul. With the conquest and Latinisation of Gaul begins the history of Europe.

The heroic puppet concocted by the romanticism of the nineteenth century was replaced by a simpler and much more human Cæsar—capable, too, of both master-strokes and blunders, and submitted to the imperious forces that govern the destinies of man. The substitution came as rather a shock to the obstinate romanticists; but it was not received at all badly, thirty years ago, by the intellectual *élite* of the West. For what reason? Because the great romantic falsifications of Drumann, Mommsen, and Duruy had been inspired by a certain passion, and towards the end of the nineteenth century that passion had cooled. What was that passion? Admiration for the despot of genius who does not inherit power, but conquers it by force and daring. From 1830 onwards, as soon as the generation that had suffered from the drawbacks of the Napoleonic régime was beginning to disappear, the picturesque romantic character found popularity in every circle. To the conservatives, that admiration for the despot, even if he were a usurper, seemed a possible counteraction to the liberal tendencies; to the liberals, that admiration for the usurper, even if he were a despot, seemed a weapon against traditionalism, the hereditary principle, and respect for the old social forces. The Napoleonic legend is the result of the clashing of those two conflicting interests. In the enthusiasm for

genius, usurper of hereditary rights, they did not content themselves with placing Napoleon on the threshold of the nineteenth century as its tutelary god. They tried to find him forerunners. So a Cæsar was manufactured, elder brother to Napoleon, and completely unknown to the ancients.

That passion having considerably cooled towards 1900, many minds now allow themselves to be taken in by the new anti-romantic history of Julius Cæsar. A sign that the political spirit of the great days, falsified and stifled by the romanticism of the nineteenth century, was being re-born! But then came the World War; and after the war the immense political chaos in which two-thirds of Europe is now wearing itself out. In that chaos the romantic illusion of the saviour-despot has started up again. Even in those privileged countries that are still living under legitimate governments a certain number of minds are wondering whether a good *coup de main*

exaggerations and intelligent mitigations alike met with considerable success, which proves that the public must be in a state of bewilderment indeed. But both mitigations and exaggerations remain in the realm of legend; yet another sign that the political spirit has not woken from the slumber into which it had been thrown by the narcotics of romanticism.

The public that reads all those books on Napoleon with so much candour little realises to what degree legend can distort the simplest and most obvious facts of a history that is, after all, so recent and so easily checked. I am going to take an example: the 18 Brumaire. This year, in my classes at Geneva, I have been dwelling on that episode. For a whole century nearly all the historians have exalted that *coup d'état* as the brilliant initiative of a victorious general returning at the head of his army to kick out a parliamentary government of garrulous lawyers; a memorable example that, alas! was not imitated as much as it deserved in the course of the nineteenth century. However, it is unnecessary to probe to the bottom of the archives to discover that their manner of recounting the history of the 18 Brumaire runs up against a certain number of difficulties. The first and most serious is that in 1799 there was no parliamentary government in France to be kicked out. The Directoire had been a parliamentary government until September 1797; the *coup d'état* of the 18 Fructidor had turned it into a military dictatorship under five heads. The *coup d'état* of the 18 Brumaire was thought out by Sièyes and his friends—that is to say, a group of moderate and sobered revolutionaries—so as to put an end to the despotism of that pentacephalous monster and replace it with a more liberal and efficient government. The original idea of the *coup d'état* of the 18 Brumaire was to overthrow a military dictatorship in favour of what we should call a "parliamentary government."

The second difficulty is that there is neither general nor victorious army in the business at all. Sièyes and his friends needed a general for the carrying out of their scheme, and were looking for one who, thanks to recent victories, would be in a position of authority over the soldiers. They had cast their eyes on Joubert. . . . But Joubert had been killed at the battle of Novi. So they had to turn to generals who, without having brought off any recent victories, yet had troops at their back, such as Moreau or Bernadotte, it would appear. . . . No one had ever given so much as a thought to Bonaparte, who was away in Egypt. All negotiations fell through. The *coup d'état* scheme was at a standstill for lack of a general willing to lend himself to the overthrowing of a military

dictatorship in order to replace it with a parliamentary government, when, one fine morning, came the news that Bonaparte had landed in France.

The most eminent of the historians of the 18 Brumaire, Albert Vandal, has written that Bonaparte came back from Egypt with the intention of seizing the power. I should be curious to know by what means, at the moment when he landed in France, he thought he was going to carry out an operation which was neither easy nor plain sailing. He was just back from Egypt, true, but after terrible disasters, and alone, having left his army behind. At the time of his arrival in Paris he had not even so much as a kettledrum at his disposal to persuade the Directors to give up their places to him. He enjoyed a certain amount of popularity, certainly; demonstrations, which legend, however, has much overrated, had greeted him on his way. But of what use is popularity alone, outside or against power, in times of revolution? Very often it only serves to draw down the wrath of a suspicious power.

What actually did take place after Bonaparte's return is far more simple. When he arrived in Paris, he found the Directoire divided up into two clans, each plotting against the other, each longing to turn the other out. He was not long in grasping that, in the ticklish position in which he found himself after the Egyptian fiasco, he had got to throw in his lot with one or other of those clans. Sièyes and his friends, on the other hand, were on the look-out for a general and could not find one. For want of a better, they came to an understanding with Bonaparte.

(Continued on page 398.)



THE MARLBOROUGH EXHIBITION AT THE LONDON MUSEUM: AN EQUESTRIAN PORTRAIT OF THE FIRST DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH, WITH HIS FRIEND MAJOR-GENERAL JOHN ARMSTRONG STANDING BESIDE HIM; SHOWING THE SADDLE-TRAPPINGS USED BY THE DUKE AFTER THE BATTLE OF BLENHEIM AND ILLUSTRATED ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE.

This portrait is not at the London Museum, but is reproduced here to show how the artist has included the trappings which the Duke used after Blenheim. When the trappings were sold by Christie's last year, the following description, taken from the late Miss M. H. White's "Family History of the Whites of Wallingwells," appeared in the firm's catalogue: "At Wallingwells are the crimson velvet horse trappings, richly embroidered in gold Flemish raised work in an elaborate pattern. . . . In the dining-room hangs a painting of the Duke in full armour with lace cravat, the ribbon of the Garter, and a field-marshal's baton, mounted on a bay horse caparisoned in these trappings. Armstrong in a drab-coloured coat and lace cravat stands behind the horse, holding the Duke's helmet. Both wear flaxen wigs. The trappings are in an excellent state of preservation, the gold is untarnished, and the velvet is not faded."

to do away with all discussion and control of power would not be the best remedy for the evils of the world. And yet again they come out with the old romantic falsifications of Cæsar's history that had been gathering dust for a quarter of a century in obscure libraries. In the last few years several lives of Julius Cæsar have been published in different languages; they all, more or less, put back on the scene the Cæsar of the nineteenth century, destroyer of the republic, creator of the monarchy, founder of the empire. The puppet-hero of the nineteenth century has cropped up again, represented by historians who write the history of Julius Cæsar without having any idea of the Roman republic or the empire. A wave of dictatorial romanticism has again found its appeal, as it did a century ago: a sign that the political spirit is again on the decline in a restless world. . . .

The post-war Napoleonic historiography bears out that diagnosis. The history of Napoleon, as written from 1830 to 1914, is, with the exception of a few works such as that of Lanfray, one vast romantic legend, lengthier and more complex than that of Cæsar, but inspired by the same emotion. After the war, if the world had been destined to a prompt recovery, there should have been a critical revision of that legend. But no. Nearly all the histories of Napoleon published since 1919 are variations, ingenious or clumsy, of that romantic legend. Certain historians mitigated it with intelligence; others exaggerated and vulgarised it by turning it into a story to thrill the hearts of sentimental typists. Clumsy



RELICS OF THE FIRST DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH, SOME OF THEM CARRIED WITH HIM ON HIS CAMPAIGNS: A SILVER FOUNTAIN (TOP CENTRE), WITH A LARGE PILGRIM-BOTTLE ON EACH SIDE OF IT; AND (BELOW) TWO SILVER EWERS, MADE IN PARIS, PROBABLY BY CHARLES PETIT, IN 1674-5; WITH ONE OF A PAIR OF SMALL PILGRIM-BOTTLES (CENTRE).



THE HOLSTER WHICH FORMED PART OF THE DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH'S ELABORATE SADDLE-TRAPPINGS: AN ORNAMENTAL PIECE USED BY THE DUKE ON HIS OFFICIAL VISIT TO THE CITY AFTER THE BATTLE OF BLENHEIM.



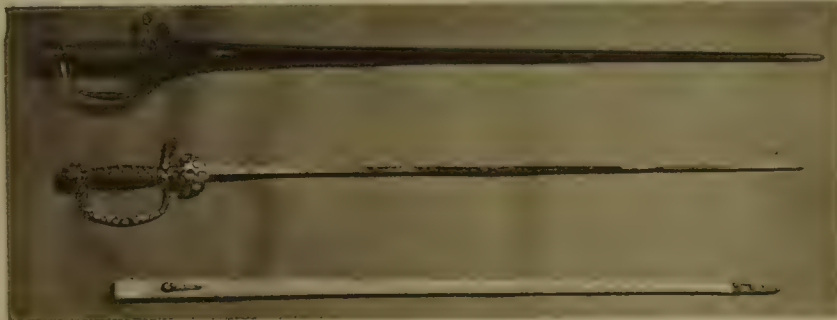
MARLBOROUGH'S MASSIVE SILVERWARE: A LARGE SILVER CISTERN, USED FOR WASHING SILVER PLATES IN THE DINING-ROOM BETWEEN THE COURSES—MADE IN LONDON ABOUT 1700.

The London Museum has recently been presented, by Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Makower, with the elaborate saddle-trappings used by the first Duke of Marlborough on the occasion of his official visit to St. Paul's after the great victory at Blenheim in 1704, and is using these trappings as the nucleus of a collection of plate, swords, and other Marlborough relics now to be seen at the Museum. Of the objects illustrated on this page, the sword worn by Marlborough at Blenheim was lent by the Duke of Buccleuch, the other sword by the Duke of Marlborough, and the silver and table ware by Earl Spencer. The larger pieces

"MALBROUK S'EN VA-T-EN GUERRE": THE LONDON MUSEUM'S MARLBOROUGH EXHIBITION.



FROM THE DUKE'S TABLE: A SILVER-GILT ROSE-WATER DISH (CENTRE, BELOW) AND EWER (ABOVE) (ENGLISH MAKE, 1668-9); A SET OF CASTERS, FIVE MADE BY GARTHORNE IN 1700 AND ONE BY BACHE IN 1714 TO COMPLETE THE SET; AND FOUR TAZZAS OF VARIOUS ENGLISH MAKERS AND DATES, WITH CUT-CARD ORNAMENT ON THE UNDER-SIDE OF EACH.



A SWORD WORN BY MARLBOROUGH AT BLENHEIM (ABOVE); AND A JEWELLED SWORD, WITH SCABBARD, GIVEN TO HIM BY THE ARCHDUKE CHARLES, WHOSE CLAIMS ENGLAND WAS SUPPORTING IN THE WAR OF THE SPANISH SUCCESSION.



SADDLE-TRAPPINGS USED BY MARLBOROUGH ON HIS VISIT TO ST. PAUL'S AFTER BLENHEIM: THE NUCLEUS OF A COLLECTION OF MARLBOROUGH RELICS NOW BEING SHOWN AT THE LONDON MUSEUM.



A SMALL SILVER CISTERN, FOR WASHING SPOONS, FORKS, AND KNIVES BETWEEN THE COURSES: A VESSEL WHICH, LIKE THE OTHER CISTERN ILLUSTRATED, WAS FILLED FROM THE FOUNTAIN SHOWN IN THE TOP LEFT-HAND PHOTOGRAPH.

of the plate, such as the fountain, cisterns, and pilgrim-bottles, formed part of the service to which the Duke was entitled as Captain-General of Queen Anne's Forces, and which he carried with him when campaigning. With reference to our heading, it is interesting to note that the old French song, "Malbrouk s'en va-t-en guerre," is said to date from 1709, but did not become popular till it was applied to the third Duke, who, round about 1758, was less successful against the French than the great general had been. We reproduce opposite a portrait of Marlborough with saddle-trappings similar to those shown here.

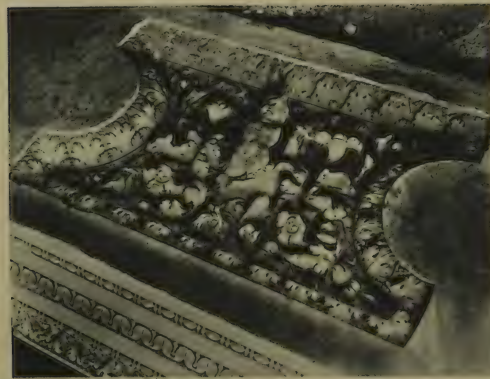
CAESAR'S VOTIVE SHRINE TO VENUS,



1. ANCIENT ROMAN CUPIDS—PROTOTYPES OF THE CHERUBS IN CHRISTIAN ART: A FRAGMENT FROM THE FRIEZE OF THE TEMPLE OF VENUS GENETRIX RECENTLY EXCAVATED IN ROME.



2. AN ARCADE OF ANCIENT ROMAN SHOPS (WITH A STATUE OF CAESAR): PART OF THE NEWLY-EXCAVATED FORUM OF JULIUS CAESAR, IN WHICH, AMONG 170 INSCRIPTIONS, HAVE BEEN FOUND THE OPENING WORDS OF VIRGIL'S EPIC AND LINES FROM THE "ÆNEID."



3. AN ARCHITRAVE FROM THE TEMPLE OF VENUS GENETRIX AS REBUILT BY TRAJAN AND DEDICATED IN 113 A.D.: AN EXAMPLE OF THE LAVISH ORNAMENT EMPLOYED FROM THE TIME OF THE FLAVIAN EMPERORS TO THAT OF HADRIAN.

the sixteenth century, and which we have brought to light to a large extent to-day, is not the building that Caesar erected and adorned with outstanding works of art, but a more extensive and richer reconstruction. The temple built by Caesar was round, like that called the Temple of Hercules in the excavations of the Largo Argentina, and like that known as the Temple of Vesta in the Forum Boarium, and it certainly had columns of tufa, faced with stucco and polished and coloured. Caesar set up in the middle of his temple a statue of Venus, clad in a chiton, transparent and clinging to the body, with a Cupid on her left shoulder, the work of a Greek named Arcesilaus, a friend of Lucullus, and not to be confused with Arcesilaus of Naxos, who had furnished a few centuries previously and is celebrated in an epigram of Simonides as the sculptor of a statue of Artemis. It is also on record that Caesar placed in that votive temple six chests containing rings and gems, and two paintings by Timomachus, acquired by him for seventy talents: one showing Ajax meditating gloomily on the slaughtered flock, the other representing Medea distracted between maternal love, the torments of jealousy, and the desire of vengeance, while her children are playing near her (as may be seen in a copy at Pompeii). Caesar also placed in the temple a statue of Cleopatra, as a tribute of amorous passion to the beautiful daughter of Ptolemy Auletes. Afterwards he invited her to come personally to Rome, and he conferred her in the possession of Egypt. There was also a statue of himself in armour, and in the open space before the temple stood a bronze equestrian statue of himself, of which there is recorded a curious fact. It appears that for this equestrian statue the human figure had been added to a horse modelled by Lysippus for a monument of Alexander the Great. Statius is our authority for this detail, and it is also related that Caesar had the hoofs re-made so that the horse should resemble his own, which was a very singular animal. Suetonius says: "He

(Continued below.)

HIS "ANCESTRESS":
GEMS OF SCULPTURE
FROM THE TEMPLE
REBUILT BY TRAJAN.

PHOTOGRAPHS AND ARTICLES SUPPLIED BY SENATOR CORRADO RICCI, DIRECTOR OF THE EXCAVATIONS IN THE FORUM OF JULIUS CAESAR.

rode a very fine horse with feet of almost human form, the hoofs being furrowed in such a way that they looked like fingers. The animal, however, born in his stables and the augurs had foretold for him the empire of the world. This horse, reared with great care, would not allow anyone else but Caesar to mount him.

(Continued below.)



4. EXQUISITE ROMAN SCULPTURE FROM A FRIEZE IN THE TEMPLE OF VENUS GENETRIX (EARLY SECOND CENTURY A.D.): SEVEN WINGED CUPIDS AT PLAY, WITH AN URN, QUIVER, AND SHIELD—AN ANTICIPATION OF THE ART OF DONATELLO. (THE ORIGINAL FIGURES NEARLY HALF LIFE-SIZE.)



5. (ON THE LEFT) CORINTHIAN CAPITALS, AND A SECTION OF A FLUTED COLUMN, FROM THE TEMPLE OF VENUS GENETRIX: ARCHITECTURAL FEATURES DERIVED FROM MASTERLY WORK IN THE TEMPLE OF MARS ULTOR, WHILE THE FLORAL MOTIVES EMANATED FROM THE ARA PACIS.



6. A BEAUTIFUL FRAGMENT FROM THE FRIEZE OF THE TEMPLE OF VENUS GENETRIX: TWO OF THE NUMEROUS FIGURES OF WINGED BOYS—THE JOVENS RETINUE OF CUPID IN A SHRINE DEDICATED TO HIS MOTHER, THE GODDESS OF LOVE.

In the course of time other treasures were added in Caesar's temple and around it: a bronze fountain with the figures of Apollon nymphs, a large statue of Tiberius, erected on a base, of which a small copy was found at Pozzuoli, with the dedication of the fourteen cities of Asia Minor, destroyed by earthquakes in 17 and 23 A.D., and rebuilt by order of Tiberius. Caesar desired that his temple to Venus Genetrix should rise on the best site in the very spacious Forum which he constructed, because the old Forum (afterwards called the Forum Romanum) was now too small for the increasing development of the city, which had become larger and more populous. It was certainly the further growth of the city, and the continuous increase of its spectacular wealth, that caused Trajan to consider the old temple dedicated to the goddess as 'Genetrix Juliae gentis' too small in size, and too humble in material. He therefore had it rebuilt, imparting to it a rectangular plan with a great wealth of marble, and he inaugurated it on the 12th of May in the year 113 A.D., when he had already been Emperor for fifteen years. The marbles now discovered, lying partly above and partly at the foot of the stylobate (or basic platform for columns), testify to a wealth of sculptural decoration such as perhaps Rome never possessed in any other temple. Though lacking the beauty that belongs to those of the Augustan Age, they nevertheless show extreme grace of form, combined with a robust vigour. In short, we still find ourselves confronted with the artistic splendour of mighty Rome. The Corinthian columns and capitals (Fig. 5) are derived from the consummate art of the temple of Mars Ultor (Mars the Avenger, Peace), but the pilasters, with the ribases, the friezes and the architraves (Fig. 3), are elaborated with that lavish ornamentation which, from the time of the Flavian Emperors to that of Hadrian, assumed an ever-increasing abundance. Some very beautiful marbles now discovered show that the temple was overrun by an incredible multitude of little winged figures of boys (Figs. 1, 4, and 6), imparting to it a note of gaiety, truly appropriate to the Goddess of Love. They were the retinue of Cupid, who had settled upon his mother's shoulder. The discoveries resulting from recent excavations comprise a number of shops (Fig. 2) in the Forum of Caesar, the stylobates (or pillar-bases) of the temple of Venus Genetrix, with many pieces of marble sculpture: the Basilica Argentaria (an exchange where bankers and money-changers congregated), and a block of buildings on the Clivus Argentarius (Argentarian Hill), which linked the Via Flaminia with the Via Sacra. Of all this great mass of ruins, all that had remained above ground, incorporated in the mean house of an obscure quarter, was the summit of three arches. The archaeological work of recovery is therefore, taken as a whole, one of the greatest which has ever been accomplished in Rome."

(Continued above.)

SOUTH AFRICA'S EXAMPLE TO THE WORLD RARE AND INTERESTING SPECIES IN THE KRUGER

PHOTOGRAPHS REPRODUCED BY KIND PERMISSION OF



1. THE BONTEBOK: A VERY RARE SPECIES OF WHICH THERE ARE PROBABLY NOT MORE THAN SEVENTY ALIVE TO-DAY, OF WHICH TWENTY (INCLUDING THIS ONE) ARE IN THE BONTEBOK RESERVE NEAR CAPE AGULHAS.



2. THE INYALA: A RARE PHOTOGRAPH OF ONE OF THE SCARCEST OF AFRICAN ANTELOPES, FOUND IN THAT PORTION OF THE KRUGER NATIONAL PARK WHICH BORDERS ON THE LIMPOPO IN THE NORTH, AND FAIRLY PLENTIFUL IN THE NATAL RESERVE ON THE WHITE UMFOLOSI.

THE preservation of fauna is an asset to a country, as well as a contribution to scientific knowledge, but it is only since the Great War, apparently, that the Dominions and Colonies have fully realised their duty and responsibility in this matter. The Union of South Africa has set a great example by preserving what is probably the finest animal sanctuary in the world, namely, the Kruger National Park, in the north-east part of the Transvaal. It is no less than 200 miles long, with an average width of 40 miles, an area larger than Wales and larger than Belgium and Holland put together. Within its borders the most wonderful varieties of African animals can be viewed in conditions of comfort and security. The Park is open to the public, and though it has been made more than 1000 miles of roads. It is dedicated to South Africa's famous old statesman, Stefanus Johannes Paulus Kruger, formerly President of the South African Republic, who, in 1898, originally presented a portion of this area as a sanctuary for wild life. It is administered by the National Parks Board of the Union of South Africa, which also controls the Bontebok Park, near Bredasdorp; the Addo Reserve, near Port Elizabeth; and the Kalahari Park. Mr. E. K. Duplessis, who took these interesting photographs, has

(Continued opposite.)



7. WATERBUCK: THE COMMON SOUTH AFRICAN TYPE—VARIOUSLY NAMED FURTHER NORTH, CHANGING COLORATION WITH ENVIRONMENT, BUT ALWAYS RECOGNISABLE BY A WHITE BAND NEAR THE TAIL, THE EARS, AND RINGED HORNS.



8. WARTHOG: A COMMON VARIETY IN THE KRUGER NATIONAL PARK (RELATED TO THE GIANT FOREST-HOG OF CENTRAL AFRICA)—ONE OF THE CHIEF CARRIERS OF TSETSE-FLY. A FIERCE FIGHTER ABLE TO DEFEND ITS YOUNG AGAINST LEOPARDS.

IN THE PRESERVATION OF WILD ANIMALS: NATIONAL PARK AND OTHER RESERVES.

MR. E. K. DUPLESSIS, F.R.G.S., OF POTCHERSTROOM.



3. THE KODOO: ONE OF THE LARGEST AFRICAN ANTELOPES, STILL FOUND IN APPRECIABLE NUMBERS IN THE KRUGER NATIONAL PARK, BUT IN SOME PARTS OF THE NORTHERN TRANSVAAL, UNFORTUNATELY, BEING "MASSACRED" NOWADAYS.



6. BURCHELL'S ZEBRA: ANIMALS OF EXCEPTIONAL POWER IN KICKING OR BITING, AND NO TWO HAVING EXACTLY SIMILAR STRIPES—A GROUP WITH A "SENTRY" (SEEN FROM RIGHT), ALWAYS FOUND AMONG WILD ANIMALS AT THE WATER.



9. HYENA: THE SCAVENGER OF THE LOW VELD, ALWAYS FOUND IN THE WAKE OF LIONS, WAITING TO FEAST ON THEIR LEAVINGS; COWARDLY, BUT LIABLE TO ATTACK MEN ASLEEP; KNOWN IN THREE AFRICAN VARIETIES—BROWN, SPOTTED, AND STRIPED.



4. THE SABLE ANTELOPE: A SPECIES GRADUALLY BECOMING EXTINCT IN SOUTHERN AFRICA, BUT STILL TO BE FOUND IN FAIR NUMBERS IN THE KRUGER NATIONAL PARK—ONE OF THE GREATEST FIGHTERS AMONG THE ANTELOPES.

Continued.]
delivered many lectures on the preservation of wild life and the beauties of the African game sanctuaries. All but two of the photographs were taken in the Kruger National Park, the exceptions being those of the White Rhinoceros and the Bontebok. The latter was taken in the Bontebok Park, a small reserve of about 1600 acres near Cape Agulhas. As mentioned under the photograph (No. 1), not more than seventy bontebok exist to-day, and twenty of them are in this reserve. The rest are privately protected by the Van Breda and Albertyn families of Bredasdorp, to whom gratitude is due for their survival. The White Rhinoceros is protected in the Natal reserves under the administration of that province. Describing the Koodoo (No. 3), Mr. Duplessis writes: "They are plentiful in the Northern Transvaal, from Nylstroom to the Messina area, but I regret to state that this animal is being massacred to-day." Of the Sable Antelope (No. 4), he says: "This animal is a favourite with hunters, more on account of its hide, which is used for whip-lashes. On the Kalahari border it may now be regarded as extinct." The Blue Wildebeest (No. 5) predominates in the Northern Transvaal, and the Kruger Park contains very large herds, but it is extinct in the Cape Province and Orange Free State.



10. WHITE RHINOCEROS: THE MOST STRANGELY DISTRIBUTED OF AFRICAN ANIMALS, NOT FOUND IN THE KRUGER NATIONAL PARK, BUT IN SOUTH AFRICA ONLY IN THE WHITE UMFOLOSI RESERVE IN NATAL.

The World of the Theatre.

By J. T. GREIN.

"FRANCIS THOMPSON"—THE MAN AND THE PLAY.

THE secret is out. The World of the Theatre knows that that interesting play, "Francis Thompson," anonymously produced at Q., is written by Mr. Jack de Leon, the enterprising manager of that little theatre. As I write, booksellers are besieged by inquirers who have never heard of the poet but adopt an air of omniscience: "Have you the latest edition of Francis Thompson's works?" and managers are consulting their advisers as to whether it would be prudent to transfer the play from Q. to W. For Francis Thompson was known to but few even of the survivors of the late 'eighties. I met him rather frequently in the chambers of Alexander Teixeira de Mattos, who had then not yet started his great career as Maeterlinck's supreme translator, when Alfred Sutro, his predecessor, entirely devoted himself to play-writing. In the little Temple flat there forgathered the *avant-couriers* of the young literary generation. There George Moore was worshipped; there poor Ernest Dowson declaimed his poems in that melodious voice of his. There, too, came a young man called Francis Thompson, a very quiet, shabby-genteel young man with the air of a philosopher and the manner of an Anglicised Alfred de Musset. Of his life one knew but little; he was treated by Teixeira and the others with great solicitude, as a patient recovering from a long malady; with a touch of veneration. Teixeira, who adored poetry and could have been a fine poet himself if he had not preferred poetic prose, of which he became a master, always made great efforts to get Francis Thompson out of his corner, on to his feet, and to recite his latest.

He did not often succeed. Thompson was a melancholy Jaques; he wore a sad mien like a blank mask; only his little chin-beard gave a humorous touch to his features. One felt that this young man could be as bright as sunshine, but he suffered from physical causes—later we knew that it was laudanum—and from excess of *Weltschmerz* because he had no relations, no money, no secure standing, although society was keen enough to capture him, but his wardrobe would not allow it, and "credit" to the aspiring poets of the day was as far away as the coin of the full moon. When, in the course of years, Francis Meynell "discovered" him and opened the gate of his famous "Merrie England" to almost anything he cared to write, we saw him less and less. Now he had the wherewithal to live among the flowers and the leaves, and withdrew to the country, renowned and gradually growing in fame. Mr. de Leon rightly leaves him at the

portals of prosperity and the end of his tender friendship with the "girl of the town" who worshipped, who cherished, who mothered him, who herself rose from the slough of her life to higher spheres until she found that the romance had reached its apogee, that the parting of the ways of the poet and the harlot was imminent. And so she disappeared from his horizon, and night after night



THE TWENTY-FIFTH ANNIVERSARY OF THE FORMATION OF THE CHAUVÉ SOURIS, WHICH M. BALIEFF FIRST PRESENTED AT MOSCOW ON MARCH 13, 1908: M. SALAMA AND MLE. SAFONOVA IN THE PRODUCTION AT THE VAUDEVILLE THEATRE, WHICH BEGAN ON MARCH 2.

M. Nikita Balieff attained a wonderful record on March 13. Since 1908 the famous Chauve Souris company has never missed a season, and M. Balieff himself has not once been absent from a performance throughout the twenty-five years of its existence. The programme at the Vaudeville Theatre is, as usual, of a very high standard.

he kept vain vigil on the Embankment, where she had found him a hungry, miserable opium-eater, a mere human rag whom, in her modest little room, she resuscitated to a new life, spending her immoral gains to supply him with the indispensable drug. We see in the play angles of these miserable years of struggle; how Francis quarrelled with his father and home; how, in rags, yet always in the skies of poetry, he took temporary jobs and failed ignominiously; how, beside the devoted Ann, he had but one friend in the world—a circus entertainer far below his intellectual rank, but a Pollux to this *triste* Castor.

Mr. de Leon has depicted these slices of life with great penetration, with graphic vitality. Lovingly he draws the character of Ann, who, into the life of a prostitute, wove the fulness of a great heart, and he leaves unto the weak vessel of his hero just enough sympathy to condone his deviations by the exaltedness of his poetry. There are in the play certain lengths and repetitions which could with advantage be excised. But, on the whole, it answers perfectly to its description—that it is but a fragment of his artistic life. In Mr. Ernest Milton the author found the right Francis, a little mature, perhaps, but, oh! so sincere, so entirely detached from any airs and mannerisms. As a figure, he was intensely pathetic, intensely dramatic. He reminded me again and again of de Musset in the famous melodrama, "Fou par amour." A fine creation, the best of Mr. Milton's later career. As for Ann, so essentially the light-o'-love of the 'eighties, with her bonnet, her bustle, and her graces of a would-be lady until the woman cast aside all the flummery and became a Magdalene combined with a Samaritan, Ann was played by Miss Mary Glynne with all the fervour and sincerity of a loving woman regardless of all the world; and in her silent decision to return to the old life lest the new should spell frustration, she was tragic in the truest sense of the word. This play promises to be the talk of theatreland.

GEORGE ROBEY'S TRIUMPH.

I will only, *en passant*, refer to one half of Mr. George Robey's double triumph last week. I think that much ink and milk of human kindness has been spilled over an affair that began as an insignificant molehill and nearly ended as a dangerous mountain. But, at any rate, Mr. Robey has proved

a wise man in his generation and found a Solomonic solution by becoming the partner of the enterprising, art-loving Miss Rita John, who is primarily responsible for the production of that thoroughly English operette, "Jolly Roger," at the Savoy. True, Mr. Walter Leigh the composer, has studied in Germany, and whoever knows the German school cannot fail to discover its secret. There is often an attempt at grand opera when a lighter attack would suffice. But never mind if the form is somewhat Germanic; the spirit and the nature of the score, as well as the text, are as British as you make them. You feel the sou'wester blowing; you snuff the fragrance of salt and tar; you see sailors in the happiness of sand-boys and villains of so deep a dye as nowhere else than in good old England. The ultimate finale was so infectiously national that—but for the interference of the speakers and mutual compliments—the audience would have burst into an all-round "For they are jolly good fellows." For that was what all of us said in our pride that the classic home of Gilbert and Sullivan had at length found successors, company, librettists, last, but not least, actors, worthy of the tradition.

Yet, when all is said and the laurels are fairly divided among Mr. George Robey's collaborators—especially to Mr. Gavin Gordon, a "peach" of a cruel Governor; to Mr. Scott Russell, the most rubicund of "Bloody Pirates"; and to Miss Muriel Angelus, as fair as she is charming, with a little sob and sigh in her voice—when all the rest are praised for loyal co-operation and great efforts—there remains the palm—the palm that is the pivot, the axis, the centrifugal point, the puissant motor that galvanises the whole business into joyous, palpitating life—Mr. George Robey. To describe what it is that makes this great comedian so universally popular is beyond analysis. Whatever he does is comic; whatever he says is comic;



LUPINO LANE (LEFT) AS FREDDY STONE, AND ARTHUR RISCOE AS SLIPPERY SAM, IN "THE ONE GIRL," A MUSICAL COMEDY AT THE LONDON HIPPODROME.

In this light-hearted and amusing play, Madelon, a French girl, played by Mireille Perrey, is adopted by four English soldiers. Two of the "fathers" are seen here in Madelon's bed-room, and both these admirable comedians, Lupino Lane and Arthur Riscoe, are in the best of form.

on his lips a platitude becomes a dictum, a pleasantry of nothing-at-all a shaft of wit. Add to that a genial effrontery that plays ducks and drakes with the respect due to his audience—does he not punish this forward laughter with his brows arched in severity? does he not address that poor fellow in the stalls like a bolt from the blue *à propos de rien*? does he not, when it suits him, "fall out of the text" and embroider on a fleeting thought? Mr. George Robey is not only a great artist; he is a great connoisseur of human nature. We shall never know him wholly—who will say that, anon, this buffoon will not burst into a tragic Shakespeare rôle? But he knows us to the core. He knows what fills us with joy; he knows what "tickles us to death"; he knows the tang and taste of pepper and salt and he knows how much of each he can mix into his humour as a *maitre d'hôtel* knows the secret of seasoning. And under all this jesting, joking and frivolling there lurks the man of culture, the man who, in the school of life, has learned how to play on the clavier of audiences all over the world with the dexterity of a virtuoso revelling in that *l'alse Caprice* which is the light side of life.



WHO KILLED "COCK ROBIN"? MURDER AND MYSTERY AT THE LITTLE THEATRE.

"Cock Robin," by Elmer Rice and Philip Barry, is an ingenious murder play with a background of a twentieth-century company rehearsing and acting an eighteenth-century costume play—which accounts for the strange discrepancies of dress in the scene shown here. Left to right are Richard Gooden, Robert Horton, Nancy Price, Iris Baker (kneeling), V. C. Clinton-Baddeley, Jack Livesey, Bernard Nedell, Geoffrey Comer, Elizabeth Maude, Ronald Simpson, and Winifred Evans.



THE NEW BISHOP OF GIBRALTAR ENTHRONED: THE RIGHT REV. H. J. BUXTON KNOCKING AT THE DOOR OF HOLY TRINITY CHURCH, GIBRALTAR.

The Right Rev. Harold J. Buxton, formerly Archdeacon of Cyprus, was enthroned as Bishop of Gibraltar in Holy Trinity Church, Gibraltar, on March 5, in the presence of the Governor and the principal authorities. He succeeds Dr. Hicks, now Bishop of Lincoln. In 1915 and 1916 he was head of a Medical Unit with the Russian Army in the Caucasus.



SIR ROBERT H. CLIVE.

Appointed English Minister at the Vatican. Previously Minister at Teheran. Formerly Consul-General at Munich and Tangier. Has served at Rome, Tokyo, Cairo, Berne, Stockholm, and Peking.



M. CHARLES CORBIN.

French Ambassador in Brussels. Appointed Ambassador in London, in place of M. Fleuriat, who has resigned. Head of the Press Section of the Department of Foreign Affairs during the war.



MR. MATSUOKA, FORMERLY CHIEF JAPANESE DELEGATE AT GENEVA, WHO BROADCAST JAPAN'S CASE IN LONDON ON MARCH 11.

Mr. Matsuoka, it will be remembered, led the Japanese delegation out of the Special Assembly of the League of Nations after the vote on the Sino-Japanese dispute over Manchuria.



THE NEW U.S. AMBASSADOR TO THE COURT OF ST. JAMES'S AND HIS WIFE: JUDGE R. BINGHAM AND MRS. BINGHAM.

Mr. Robert Worth Bingham is sixty-one years of age. He was born in North Carolina. He was Mayor of Louisville, Kentucky, in 1907, and later became a judge. He is an important figure in the American journalistic world, and is a director of the North American Newspaper Alliance. He is a keen sportsman, and for a number of years in succession has rented grouse moors in Scotland.



H.E. QUO TAI-CHI, THE CHINESE MINISTER IN LONDON, WHO BROADCAST CHINA'S CASE IN LONDON ON MARCH 11.

Mr. Quo Tai-Chi presented his credentials last August. He is a graduate of Pennsylvania, and was some time secretary to President Li Yuan-Lung. As a technical expert, he attended the Paris Conference.

PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



ARRESTED IN MOSCOW:
MR. L. C. THORNTON.

On March 11 four Englishmen, Mr. Alan Monkhouse, Mr. L. C. Thornton, Mr. John Cushny, and Mr. W. H. Macdonald, employees of the Metropolitan-Vickers Electrical Company in Russia, were arrested by officials of the OGPU, who alleged that they had participated in a sabotage plot aiming at the destruction of Soviet electrical stations! Later, on March 13, two other employees of the same company, Mr. Charles Nordwall and Mr. Gregory, were also arrested; but at the time of writing Mr. Monkhouse and Mr. Nordwall had been set at liberty, but ordered to remain in Russia.



ARRESTED IN MOSCOW:
MR. ALAN MONKHOUSE.



ARRESTED IN MOSCOW:
MR. JOHN CUSHNY.



DR. G. C. BOURNE.

The famous Oxford rowing Blue and coach. Died March 9; aged seventy-one. Emeritus Professor of Zoology and Comparative Anatomy. Director of the Laboratory of the Marine Biological Association at Plymouth, 1887.



MR. LEHMAN.

Governor of New York State. Issued the proclamation declaring a banking moratorium on March 5, at 4.30 a.m., after an all-night conference. Declared that the banks' cash reserves were threatened by withdrawals for hoarding.



IN PARIS WHILE ON THEIR WAY TO DISCUSS DISARMAMENT AT GENEVA: SIR JOHN SIMON AND MR. RAMSAY MACDONALD MET BY MEMBERS OF THE FRENCH GOVERNMENT.

Mr. MacDonald and Sir John Simon arrived in Paris on the evening of March 9 and were met at the Gare du Nord by M. Daladier, the Prime Minister (on Mr. MacDonald's left), M. Paul-Boncour, the Minister for Foreign Affairs (centre), and Lord Tyrrell, the British Ambassador (right). On the following day conversations concerning the European situation and the prospects of the Disarmament Conference took place between the British and Foreign Ministers; and the former left for Geneva by the night train.

OUR PEACEFUL WORLD! PERU-COLOMBIA; ATHENS.



WAR FEVER IN LIMA: A CROWD OF THOUSANDS OF PERUVIANS IN AN ENTHUSIASTIC DEMONSTRATION IN FAVOUR OF WAR WITH COLOMBIA, ARISING OUT OF THE LETICIA BOUNDARY DISPUTE.



TRAVELLING THROUGH SWAMPS TO THE SCENE OF COMBAT WITH PERU: COLOMBIAN SOLDIERY IN A BOAT DRAWN BY OXEN ON THE ORTEGUAZA RIVER, A TRIBUTARY OF THE CAQUETA.



PERUVIAN WOMEN DEMAND WAR: FLAG-WAVING AND ANTHEM-SINGING, THEY MARCH THROUGH THE STREETS OF LIMA DURING THE GREAT ANTI-COLOMBIAN DEMONSTRATION ON FEBRUARY 20.

The dispute between Colombia and Peru concerns a large but almost uninhabited expanse of jungle and the "port" of Leticia on the Upper Amazon. This bone of contention was described recently in the "Times" in the following words: "Recent photographs reveal a pier, beside which two or three Thames punts could be comfortably moored, backed by some grass huts and a couple of sheds round which a few sketchily attired Indians wait in restful attitudes for the quarterly mail." The type of country surrounding this haven is indicated by the middle of our three photographs; the other two illustrate what passions are aroused in Lima by the circumstance that it belongs by a treaty of 1922 to Colombia. Fighting had been proceeding in the Leticia region, which was occupied by a Peruvian expedition, before both Governments, on February 27, gave orders for the suspension of active hostilities. Colombia had previously appealed to the League, of which both nations are members. The Peruvian case rested on the plea that the treaty of 1922 had been concluded, on the Peruvian side, by an unpatriotic dictator.



A FOURTEEN-HOUR DICTATORSHIP IN GREECE: SOLDIERS PATROLLING THE STREETS AFTER THE ABORTIVE COUP D'ÉTAT OF GENERAL PLASTIRAS, WHO IMPOSED MARTIAL LAW, BUT WAS TURNED OUT THAT NIGHT.



RIOTS IN THE STREETS OF ATHENS DURING GENERAL PLASTIRAS'S SHORT-LIVED DICTATORSHIP: DISORDERS WHICH AROSE FROM THE DEFEAT OF M. VENIZELOS'S PARTY IN THE GREEK GENERAL ELECTIONS.



ONE OF THE ARMOURD CARS WHICH, AT THE DICTATOR'S ORDERS, PATROLLED THE STREETS OF ATHENS AND FIRED MACHINE-GUNS ON THE CROWDS, KILLING ONE MAN AND WOUNDING TWENTY-TWO.

An attempt to set up a military dictatorship in Athens, with scarcely a pretence of real popular backing, failed inevitably after a mere fourteen hours. When it became known, on March 6, that the general election had gone against the Republican National Union, which M. Venizelos leads, General Plastiras, on the pretext that there was no chance of a stable Government, proclaimed a dictatorship and martial law. He arrested M. Tsaldaris, the Opposition leader, whose Popular Party had won the elections; and cleared the streets of Athens with armoured cars and machine-guns when the people gathered to protest. His triumph was short-lived. Late in the evening of March 6 a provisional military Cabinet, backed by the most influential statesmen of Athens, turned out General Plastiras, deciding to govern until order was restored. By March 8 all was quiet; the military Government, having done its work, resigned; and M. Tsaldaris took up office and formed his Cabinet in a constitutional way. Leaders of the *coup d'état* were arrested, with the exception of General Plastiras, who had succeeded in escaping.

FROM THE WORLD'S SCRAP-BOOK: NEWS ITEMS OF TOPICAL INTEREST.



THE BICENTENARY OF A PIONEER OF SUNDAY SCHOOLS: CELEBRATIONS AT HIGH WYCOMBE IN HONOUR OF HANNAH BALL (1733-92).

Hannah Ball was born on March 13, 1733, and lived mostly at High Wycombe, where she was influenced by Wesley's preaching. In 1769 she opened a Sunday school there. The memoir of her in the "Dictionary of National Biography" mentions several pioneer Sunday schools, including one established at Catterick in 1763. "These and others" (it continues) "preceded the experiment made at Gloucester in 1783 by Robert Raikes, who is usually described as the founder of Sunday schools."



THE BICENTENARY OF THE DISCOVERER OF OXYGEN: JOSEPH PRIESTLEY'S STATUE AT BIRSTALL, HIS BIRTHPLACE.

Joseph Priestley, scientist, philosopher, and Unitarian divine, was born at Birstall, near Leeds, on March 13, 1733, and died in America in 1804. He discovered oxygen on August 1, 1774, while librarian to the Earl of Shelburne at Calne, Wilts. The discovery is of interest in connection with the ascent of Everest. Priestley's only direct living descendants in England are Mr. Hilaire Belloc, Mrs. Belloc Lowndes, and their children and grandchildren.



SIR MALCOLM CAMPBELL'S TRIUMPHAL HOMECOMING AFTER MAKING A NEW WORLD RECORD FOR LAND SPEED: POWER-BOATS ESCORTING THE "AQUITANIA" INTO SOUTHAMPTON.

Sir Malcolm Campbell, who established the new world record of 272.108 m.p.h. in his racing car, "Blue Bird," at Daytona Beach, returned home in the "Aquitania." When the liner arrived off Calshot, on March 8, fifteen speed-boats dashed down Southampton Water to escort her into harbour. The centre boat seen in our photograph contained Lady Campbell and her son. It was piloted by Mr. Hubert Scott-Paine, who, it may be recalled, has challenged America for the International motor-boat trophy.



THE WEEK'S MASTERPIECE AT THE VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM: A TERRA-COTTA BY GIOVANNI DELL' OPERA.

This beautiful little terra-cotta figure is a preliminary study for one of three marble statues on Michael Angelo's tomb in the Church of Santa Croce at Florence. As related by Vasari, this figure, representing Architecture, was made by Giovanni Bandini (called Giovanni dell' Opera), who was born in 1540 in Florence, and died there in 1598 (or 1599). (By Courtesy of the Museum. Crown Copyright Reserved.)



ADOLF HITLER JOINS MUSSOLINI AND THE LATE PRESIDENT DOUMER AT MADAME TUSSAUD'S: FINISHING TOUCHES TO THE NEW WAXWORK.

The latest addition to Madame Tussaud's Waxworks is a figure of Herr Adolf Hitler, the present German Chancellor and leader of the Nazi movement. He is represented wearing the familiar Brown Shirt uniform and raising his right hand in the customary Nazi salute. The original Madame Tussaud's great-grandson is preparing to start, in July, the Louis Tussaud Travelling Waxwork Exhibition, as a new medium for advertising.



RAILWAY PASSENGERS SAVED FROM CHASING A PORTER WHEN IN NEED OF INFORMATION: A "MECHANICAL INFORMATOR" AT CHARING CROSS UNDERGROUND STATION.

A new instrument, of British invention, known as a "mechanical informator," has been installed at Charing Cross Underground Station, enabling passengers to obtain details of route and fare. The pointer is first turned to the initial letter of the station required, whereupon a list of all stations beginning with that letter appears on the machine. Turning the pointer then to the particular station reveals the necessary information. Tickets can be obtained from an automatic machine.



WRITING in 1840, Thackeray remarks that he went to the British Museum and to five circulating libraries, and failed to find a book which was the delight of every schoolboy some years before. This volume, "Life in London," by Pierce Egan, well known in his day as a sporting writer, is open before me. It describes the adventures of Jerry Hawthorn and his elegant friend Corinthian Tom, accompanied by Bob Logic the Oxonian, in their rambles and sprees through the Metropolis. It is intended to be, and still is, funny, in a slapdash, easy style, and abounds in puns, slang, and descriptions of cock-fights and collisions with watchmen. It remains a graphic and unique store of information about the lighter and darker side of the social environment of the period. It was an immense success, and brought the author both reputation and money. It was published in 1821, and is embellished with "36 scenes from real life designed and etched by I. R. and G. Cruikshank." Apart from its other virtues in the eyes of the book-collector, it is interesting as being the first important work illustrated by George Cruikshank. Actually, this great illustrator was thoroughly disgusted with the book as it

father of the clever and unpleasant Leopold II. The Palace was pulled down in 1826 to make room for Nash's great attempt at dignified town-planning, and all you can see of it now are the columns of its portico, which were used for the National Gallery in Trafalgar Square in 1835. Egan conducts his characters through the palace, which he calls "The ne plus ultra of life in London" and describes with Baedeker-like fidelity. "This very large and handsome carpet, on which we now tread," said Logic, "I understand is all in one piece. It weighs more than a ton, was originally an inch in thickness, and made in Spitalfields." The attendant rather animatedly observed: "Sir, all the carpets throughout the Palace are of English manufacture. The King will not suffer anything else to remain here, except presents." The "Buy British" campaign is no new thing. "The Throne Room, which the Plate represents, conveys all the magnificence of Royalty. Jerry was quite absorbed in thought with the grandeur with which he was surrounded," and so on.

Each room is described in detail, and—what is still more interesting to those who are familiar with the present royal collection at Buckingham Palace—a list is given of all the pictures. Egan goes astray sometimes—it is not easy, for example, to believe that a portrait of Louis XV. is by Vandyke (the former was born in 1710, and the latter died in 1641), and such remarks as "This and the above painting are so truly excellent as to defy an accurate description of their merits," are not too illuminating. Punctuality, that truly royal virtue, is thus described: "A great respect is paid to *Time*," said Jerry to Logic, "as I have remarked, in the apartments we have gone through, several magnificent clocks." "It is highly necessary in a Palace," replied the Oxonian, "for the sake of example. Our late revered good old King was a great *Timist*, and, upon all occasions, he was exactly to the *minute*; and

believe me, my dear Jerry, it is one of the best traits about a gentleman to keep his *time*, for there is no *harmony* about the *composition* without it." "Well said, Bob," observed the Corinthian."



THE STAG PURSUING A COCKNEY SPORTSMAN: ONE OF THE ILLUSTRATIONS TO CRUIKSHANK'S HUMOROUS PUBLICATION, "THE EPPING HUNT."

"The stag having taken heart, is hunting the huntsman, and the Cheapside Nimrod is ignominiously running away"—observes Thackeray in his "Westminster Review" article on the subject of Cruikshank.

There is no doubt as to George IV.'s taste in pictures—indeed, that has been said to have been his only title to respect. Bob Logic tells us that "The King, I have heard it said, possesses so excellent a knowledge of the old masters, that no picture dealers have had the temerity to attempt to impose upon his judgment." We must allow a little for flattery, of course, but the fact remains, as is proved by his purchases, that the insufferable George IV. was far and away the finest connoisseur upon the throne of England since Charles I.—and this at a time when eighteenth-century standards of taste were beginning to fade into a dreadful riot of vulgar pomposity.

This brings me back to Cruikshank, in whom I suggest you will find great ability and at the same time considerable vulgarity. He is less gross than Rowlandson, but has nothing like that wonderful draughtsman's easy mastery of line. He has humour, but little wit, gusto but little refinement, and his powers as a satirist seem to me to be as unsubstantial as the stucco façades of Mr. Nash. Nor is he in the front rank as a designer, for his plates are as often as not so full of niggling detail as to detract from their effectiveness as a whole. In no way, it seems to me, can he be compared with a modern man of the calibre of Forain, or—to mention an artist still happily with us—Blampied.

None the less, in his time and of his kind he is second to none, and neither the student of book illustration nor the social historian can do anything but thank heaven for his busy, active career. Funny men work under a considerable handicap, for what reduces one generation to tears of laughter as often as not bores the next. Cruikshank's sense of humour is Dickensian (or should one say Pickwickian?), and I could wish that he had been called in to illustrate "Pickwick," especially the review at Rochester, for both Dickens and Cruikshank were undeniably happy in making fun of the old army.

It is impossible to give a list here of Cruikshank's enormous output, but I would draw your attention at least to his illustrations to Grimm's "Fairy Tales" (1827), to "Sketches by Boz" (1836-7), to "Oliver Twist" (1839), and to "The Ingoldsby Legends" (1840-47); and last, but not least, to "The Epping Hunt" (1830), in which the stag pursues the cockney sportsman. Cruikshank had a very inadequate notion of a horse, but an extraordinary facility in denoting the most varied facial expressions.



Tell Tale.

CRUIKSHANK AT ONE OF HIS FAVOURITE PURSUITS—LAUGHING AT THE SERVICES: A HUMOROUS DRAWING WHICH ILLUSTRATED THACKERAY'S ARTICLE ON CRUIKSHANK IN THE "WESTMINSTER REVIEW" (1840).

"Tell Tale" originally appeared in "Scraps and Sketches." It is an etching, but was transferred to stone for reproduction in the "Westminster Review."

finally appeared. The original idea was his, and he intended it to be a series of plates of high and low life with a definitely serious satirical aim; he was, however, persuaded to collaborate with Egan, and was so disgusted with the latter's facetiousness that he lost interest and left the plates to be finished by his brother, I. R. None the less, it marks the beginning of his successful career, and exhibits all the liveliness of invention which was only one of his many excellences.

It so happens that one of the plates represents the throne-room at Carlton Palace, the Prince Regent's residence which once occupied the site of Carlton House Terrace and Waterloo Place. Here the Princess Charlotte was born in 1796, and here she was married in 1816 to Prince Leopold. Leopold was soon to be a fairly easily consoled widower, who, after his election as King of the Belgians in 1831, married the daughter of Louis Philippe and became the



MADE TOPICAL BY THE CARLTON HOUSE TERRACE CONTROVERSY—THE THRONE ROOM IN CARLTON PALACE IN THE TIME OF GEORGE IV.: AN ILLUSTRATION BY GEORGE AND I. R. CRUIKSHANK TO "LIFE IN LONDON" (PUBLISHED 1821).

The present Carlton House Terrace, now made additionally famous by controversy, stands on the site of the gardens of Carlton Palace, the throne room of which is seen in Cruikshank's illustration.

Reproductions by Courtesy of Messrs. J. Rimell and Sons.



FINGER VICTORIA NUTS

These biscuits are made with the finest Cumberland butter—the best, richest, most famous butter in the world. Until you have tasted them you cannot know how delicious a biscuit can be!

**MADE ONLY BY
CARR'S
OF CARLISLE
ENGLAND**

©314

**WE DO NOT KNOW OUR
NEW NEIGHBOUR BUT WE
JUDGE HIM NEVER-
THE-LESS**



A man who likes his beer is a likeable man—and there can be no better beer than
WILLIAM YOUNGER'S

Scotch Ale

BREWED IN EDINBURGH

Branches at London, Glasgow, Manchester, Leeds, Newcastle, Middlesbrough & Belfast.

OGDEN'S

INCREASE YOUR HEIGHT IN 1933



Without strenuous exercises or use of old-fashioned appliances, you can be Taller. One box of Challoner's famous tablets and easy system is what you want. It is quick and absolutely safe. If one box is insufficient we guarantee to supply a further box FREE of all charge. E.H. writes from Sutton: "Results beyond expectations, and I am as pleased as Punch." Do not hesitate. Send 1d. stamp for full particulars in sealed envelope. Sample 7d. Book on Height Improvement, 3d. P.O. or stamps only.

THE CHALLONER CO. (late Bond Street), Dept. T69, Hyde Heath, Amersham, Bucks.

**NICE
ATLANTIC
HOTEL**

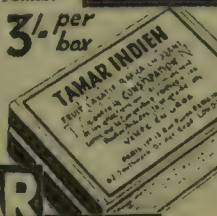
Newest first-class Hotel of distinction.
Greatest comfort and atmosphere of home.
200 Rooms.
MODERATE TERMS.
Swiss Proprietor.

Nature's
fruit-remedy
for

CONSTIPATION

Violent purges cause more trouble than relief. Restore your bowels to normal functioning with the laxative principles of pure fruit contained in Tamar. This pleasant-tasting lozenge forms no habits and does not gripe; it is gentle and soothing, a permanent safeguard against piles and relief for gastric and digestive troubles.

3/- per box



TAMAR

**INDIEN
GRILLON**

From all good Chemists. Write for generous sample to—Gipol, Ginenin & Son (Dept. L.N.), 67, Southwark Bridge Road, London, S.E.1

VICHY-CÉLESTINS

The world-renowned **NATURAL** Mineral Water.
Bottled as it flows from the Spring.



To avoid attacks of GOUT, always drink this **NATURAL** Mineral Water, which is world-famous for its health-giving properties and is a recognised defence against this most distressing malady of mankind.

VICHY-CÉLESTINS may be taken at any time during the day, but it is most effective when drunk half an hour before the three daily meals.

Obtainable everywhere.

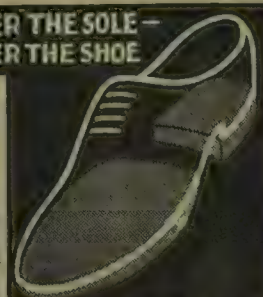
CAUTION—See that the label on the bottle bears the name of the Sole Wholesale Agents:

INGRAM & ROYLE, Ltd.,
Bangor Wharf, 45, Belvedere Road, London, S.E.1.

THE BETTER THE SOLE—
THE BETTER THE SHOE



For Longer Wear and Greater Comfort
ASK YOUR
SHOE
REPAIRER
FOR



**PURITAN
LEATHER SOLES**

Puritan Leather Soles Ltd., London

BAILEY'S TURNSTILES



Supplied to Greyhound Tracks, Racecourses, Cricket and Football Clubs, Zoological Gardens, Piers, Baths, Etc., all over the world.
SIR W. H. BAILEY & Co. Ltd.,
Albion Works,
SALFORD 5, LANCs.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION

(1933) TO

'THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS'

	U.K.	CANADA.	ABROAD.
12 Months (including Xmas No.)	£3 4 0	£3 1 8	£3 11 4
6 Months.....	£1 10 0	£1 9 3	£1 13 9
3 Months (including Xmas No.)	£1 14 0	£1 12 6	£1 17 6
3 Months.....	£1 0 0	£1 8 8	£1 17 0
(including Xmas No.)	£1 10 0	£1 10 0	£1 10 0

Subscriptions must be paid in advance. Direct to the Publishing Office, 340 Strand, in English money, by cheque, crossed "The National Provincial and Union Bank of England, Limited"; or by Post Office Orders, payable at the East Strand, Post Office, to THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS AND SKETCH, LTD., 345, Strand, London, W.C.2.

MADE
to
MEASURE



RIGHT

Chiffon Tweed Dress finished
Cire ribbon
hand painted
porcelain buttons
5½ Gns

LEFT

Hand-knitted
three piece suit
in flecked wool
£7

IN THE FASHIONABLE
NATURAL SHADES
LATEST CHECKED
STRIPED AND
PLAIN TWEEDS
Genuine Shetland
Wool

DIRECT FROM THE ISLES

SHETLAND INDUSTRIES, LTD.
92 GEORGE ST. BAKER ST.
LONDON, W.1. Welbeck 8654

SUPERB BRITISH CRAFTSMANSHIP TO RIDE THE ATLANTIC: WONDERS OF THE "QUEEN OF BERMUDA."



ON BOARD A LUXURIOUS SHIP, IN WHICH BRITISH DESIGNERS HAVE SHOWN THAT THEY HAVE NOTHING TO LEARN FROM ABROAD: THE MAGNIFICENT SWIMMING-BATH IN THE "QUEEN OF BERMUDA."

THE "QUEEN OF BERMUDA," THE NEW 22,000-TON FURNESS WITHY LINER BUILT FOR THE NEW YORK-BERMUDA SERVICE: A FINE VESSEL CAPABLE OF MAKING THE PASSAGE IN 38 HOURS.



THE "FORUM" LOUNGE IN THE "QUEEN OF BERMUDA": A PHOTOGRAPH SHOWING, AT THE BACK, THE SLIDING PANELS (ABOVE THE FIREPLACE) WHICH CONCEAL A CINEMATOGRAPH PROJECTOR.

THE new Furness Withy turbo-electric vessel, "Queen of Bermuda," may safely lay claim to be one of the most luxurious liners afloat. She is capable of over 20 knots in speed. Her length over-all is 579 ft. 6 in., and her maximum breadth 83 ft. 6 in. She has been designed for the New York-Bermuda service—an essentially holiday route, on which comfortable appointments and exquisite decorations are appreciated to the full by a leisurely throng of passengers. She was built by Messrs. Vickers, Ltd., of Barrow-in-Furness, and sailed on her maiden voyage from New York to Bermuda on March 7. The whole of the decorations and furnishings of the first-class public rooms in the "Queen of Bermuda" (excepting the dining-saloon) were carried out by Hampton's, the great British firm. At one end of the "Forum" first-class lounge is a stage for showing films which can also be adapted for dramatic performances; while at the opposite end of the lounge is a cinematograph projector, concealed behind the decorated sliding panels seen in our photograph. The decoration of the dining-saloon, the dancing space (which extends the full width of the ship), and the swimming-bath has been carried out by Messrs. Wylie and Lochead, of Glasgow.



AN ENTICING COCKTAIL-BAR IN A SHIP DESIGNED TO GIVE BACK THEIR JOIE DE VIVRE TO THE MOST BLASÉ NEW YORKERS!—ANOTHER MODERN EFFECT ACHIEVED IN THE "QUEEN OF BERMUDA."



THE ATMOSPHERE OF THE COUNTRY MANSION TRANSPORTED ON BOARD SHIP: THE "CORONA" SMOKING-ROOM—SHOWING THE REPOSEFUL EFFECT OBTAINED.



THE DANCING SPACE, WHICH EXTENDS ACROSS THE MAXIMUM BREADTH OF THE LINER—SOME 75 FT. 1 ANOTHER AMENITY INGENUOUSLY CONTRIVED TO HELP THE MOST INVETERATE "LAND-LUBBERS" TO ENJOY THEMSELVES AT SEA.

QUEEN OF BERMUDA



THE COMPLETE DECORATION & FURNISHING OF THE DINING SALOON, THE MOST SPACIOUS & DOMINANT FEATURE OF THE PUBLIC ROOMS, & THE ARCHITECTURAL TREATMENT OF THE DANCING SPACE & SWIMMING BATH WERE ENTRUSTED TO

WYLIE & LOCHHEAD LTD.

Contract Department:
53 KENT ROAD,
GLASGOW



A Modern Lounge. Walls treated with plastic paint, the horizontal bands painted in three tones of green. The Mantelpiece is of green and black marble. Recessed triple Mirrors illuminated from above by a tubular light. Main lighting from the sunk ceiling, where the lamps are concealed behind three-tier glass troughs. On the glazed doors are metal grilles in Ormolu gilt. A Bookcase Table, veneered with cross-banded Walnut, a Cocktail Cabinet and the luxurious Easy Chairs are seen to advantage against the soft brown tones of a deep pile Carpet.

REDECORATION NOW IS WISE SPENDING

- + IT INCREASES THE VALUE OF YOUR PROPERTY as well as adding to the Beauty, Comfort and Health of the Home.
- + IT OBVIATES HEAVIER EXPENDITURE LATER the longer you leave it — the more it costs in the end.
- + IT PROVIDES MUCH-NEEDED EMPLOYMENT

IT PAYS TO ASK HAMPTONS

Decorators and Furnishers for over 100 Years

To QUOTE YOU

We ask the favour of your enquiries for

1. INTERIOR AND EXTERIOR PAINTING, ETC.
2. PERIOD or MODERN DECORATIVE SCHEMES, Designs Submitted Free.
3. PANELLING AND PARQUET FLOORS.
4. STRUCTURAL ALTERATIONS.
5. ELECTRIC LIGHT AT 1½d. PER UNIT.
6. DRAINAGE TESTED, ETC.
7. BATH ROOMS CREATED or MODERNISED.
8. CRUDE-OIL BURNERS FITTED to BOILERS—Automatic control of temperature.
9. FURNITURE RE-CONDITIONED.
10. LOOSE COVERS AND CURTAINS MADE AND FITTED. Patterns sent free on application.
11. BEDDING RE-MADE.

To HAMPTONS (REF. No. 15), PALL MALL EAST, TRAFALGAR SQUARE, LONDON, S.W. 1. Telephones: Whitehall 1020.

I am thinking of having my House Redecorated, and I shall be glad to have further details of your service, particularly with regard to the items No. in the list above.

Name.....

Address

PLEASE DO DO NOT { Send a Representative to call.

I.L.N.

Run your own Pleasure Cruises this year!



Around the coast—on Continental rivers—or where you will—in the homely comfort of a well-found

THORNYCROFT MOTOR BOAT

Write for free 32-page booklet, which illustrates many examples of yachts, cruisers, and launches we have built.

JOHN I. THORNYCROFT & CO., LIMITED
Thornycroft House, Smith Square, S.W. 1

Let ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS Help You When You Go to Paris and Berlin

At the Paris Offices of "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS," "THE SPHERE," "THE SKETCH," "THE TATLER," "THE BYSTANDER," "BRITANNIA AND EVE," "THE ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS," 65 and 67, Avenue des Champs Elysées, and at Berlin, 32, Kurfürstendamm, there is a comfortable Reading Room where current and back copies of these publications may be read. In addition, advice and information will gladly be given free of charge on hotels, travel, amusements, shops, and the despatch of packages to all countries throughout the world.

Our Advertisement Agents for France, Belgium, Germany, Switzerland and Italy are the Agence Dorland, who should be addressed at 65 & 67, Avenue des Champs Elysées, Paris, VIIIe, and at 32, Kurfürstendamm, Berlin, W.15, regarding German business.



The ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS Reading Room in Berlin

CÆSAR AND NAPOLEON.

(Continued from Page 384.)

who in his turn agreed to serve the moderate clan because the other, suspicious and hostile, thought it could do without him. But Bonaparte, at that moment, had no army; that was the great flaw in the combination. The civilians and parliamentarians who prepared the *coup d'état* had to provide him with one by getting him appointed, on the morning of the 18 Brumaire, to the command of the forces of Paris. But that appointment was illegal, and gave the improvised general no real authority over the men. That flaw nearly upset everything.

Historians relate what happened at St. Cloud on the second day of the *coup d'état* rather confusedly. Why? Because they more or less consciously want to conceal the capital event of the day: that when Bonaparte tried to lead the soldiers outside the law, to the assault of parliament, he failed. The soldiers would not follow that general whom they had only been obeying for thirty-six hours and whom they hardly knew by sight. In fact, as far as Bonaparte was concerned, the *coup d'état* was a failure. The soldiers marched only when the legitimate head of the parliament, Lucien Bonaparte, invited them to come out and liberate the parliament, oppressed by a faction of "hired assassins." The soldiers obeyed, not the general, but the head of the parliament, under the impression that they were not going outside the law, but defending it; that they were being called upon, not to do away with the parliament, but to safeguard its rights. At the bottom of that operation was that ghastly misunderstanding.

Therefore the 18 Brumaire was not at all the *coup d'état* of a victorious general over a parliament of gasbags. It was the supreme effort of the moderate elements of the revolutionary oligarchy to make an end of the dictatorship by force in which the Revolution had been floundering for six years; to lead the Revolution back to its origins and doctrines; to give France the government she wanted—liberal and legitimate. The effort was confused, contradictory, and badly co-ordinated, because Siéyes and his friends, if they were agreed as to their aim, had no clear idea as to how it was going to be achieved. How was it that the supreme effort against dictatorship ended in dictatorship *par excellence*? That is one of the mysteries of the Revolution, and it is not yet explained as much as is necessary for a profound knowledge of those decisive times. What seems plain to me is that the Constitution of the Year VIII., the Consulate, was not the result, but an abrupt deviation from the 18 Brumaire, and it is only by placing ourselves at that angle that we can hope to understand the weaknesses of the Consular government that were continued in the Imperial one.

For a century historians have been going beside the mark with their theories in search of an intelligible cause which might explain the final defeat of the entire Napoleonic effort. They range from England to Marie-Louise, from Alexander I. to Talleyrand. Might it not be simpler to begin at the beginning, the 18 Brumaire, and see if the original cause of the eventual ruin might not be in the primary weakness of the Consular government, issued from a confused and contradictory *coup d'état*, neither republican nor monarchical, and based on no solid foundation of

right? Napoleon made superhuman efforts to hide that weakness from his contemporaries; the romantic legend continued the Consul and Emperor's cunning bluff for posterity. But if the Consular government had been as strong in the beginning as so many historians make out, it would not have fallen after fourteen years, after so many military triumphs. Why did those triumphs, that ought to have consolidated it, weaken it?

Our period needs to re-learn the art of government. That is why the historians have a great responsibility. Julius Cæsar is better left alone; it is more profitable to study the history of the nineteenth century, beginning with that of Napoleon. For Napoleon's history is the clearest and most precise example of the cycle that dictatorships, great or small, must perforce go round, like the orbit of a planet; Cæsar's dictatorship, like that of Cromwell, Napoleon, or any obscure dictator of a South American republic or European state in decomposition. To begin with, there is always a violent upheaval of the old social order. Sometimes a man, sometimes a group, is at a certain moment impelled by circumstances, even more than ambition, to seize the power by a *coup de force*. The man or group that carries it out always thinks that the violation of legality is exceptional and provisional, that, once in power, it will be legitimised by acts of brilliance. He makes promises, tries to keep them, agitates, dares, risks. . . . But illegitimacy of power provokes criticism, mistrust, and resistances that worry the dictator because his power has no solid basis of right.

The dictator defends himself by intensifying his régime of force and diluting it with a skilful corruption. The consequence is that opposition grows, attempts at legal or illegal resistance multiply, and force the dictator further and further along the path of violence and corruption. But it is impossible for a régime to maintain itself by force alone; the dictator is compelled to justify himself by results, to give the impression that he is doing great things, things that could be accomplished by no other power.

All in vain. Let the dictator be a genuine great man or a charlatan, let him really do great things or only pretend to be doing them, for him the difficulty will always be the same: the results of a policy are in any case open to discussion; a principle of right can only uphold a government to the degree in which it is accepted without discussion. From the moment that a government tries to legitimise itself by results, it can tolerate no criticism. To doubt the results of its policy is to cast aspersions on its right to govern, to declare it usurpative, to hit at the safety of the State. Whence the necessity to stifle criticism and impose the infallibility of power as a dogma. But that violence on top of the others exasperates the opposition still more; whence the necessity for the governments to become more absolute and uncontrolled, that is to say, more illegitimate, until the moment when, appalled by those excesses, the dictator is thrown by the growing illegitimacy of his power in the opposite direction: seeking the justification of his power in results. If those already obtained are not sufficient, greater ones must be sought, real or imaginary. In order to obtain real results, greater risks have to be incurred; if he contents himself with imaginary ones, the charlatanism of official mystifications will end in defying common sense.

So, little by little, the dictator must be more and more caught up by the illegitimacy of his power, until he creates an inextricable tangle. If natural death does not come along to cut the knot, he will only get out of it through a catastrophe—the Ides of March or Waterloo. But, like natural death, the catastrophe will be a general liberation, for the dictator as for his victims. Are we going to watch Hitler go round that magic cycle? For the happiness of the present generation there would be no cause for congratulation. History is there to teach it to us: these dictatorships are never solutions, but further complications; the extreme complication of a situation already involved, which after a dictatorship can have no outcome other than disaster. Just because Germany is an immense chaos, there is a chance for a dictatorship to arrive at a catastrophe of tremendous proportions. If the German Republic is also destined to pass through a long dictatorial period, Europe and America will also indirectly feel the effects of Germany's ordeal. Once more the West will learn what these governments are, by experience, better than by false histories of Julius Cæsar or Napoleon. If only it could learn it this time once and for all!

Mr. J. Macqueen Cowan, Assistant Keeper, Royal Botanic Garden, Edinburgh, has been good enough to send us the following: "The excellent photograph in the March 4 issue of *The Illustrated London News* (page 303) of the Volcano Llama, in South Chile, will be of interest to many of your readers not only for the active snow-covered mountain itself, but also because of the very fine *Araucaria* forest in the foreground. Here we see the familiar—if for the moment somewhat disparaged—'Monkey Puzzle' in its native home, and in the picture it must be very near the upper limit of its altitudinal range. These are beautiful specimens, and can we blame the plant if it takes on an unhappy, bedraggled appearance in our suburban gardens? It was by pure chance that it first came to this country, and the manner of its coming is peculiar. We owe its introduction, over a century ago, to Archibald Menzies, a Scotsman who sailed in 1790, as botanist and surgeon, with Vancouver on his epoch-making voyage. When passing along the Chilean coast, they put ashore in Santiago, where they were entertained by the Spanish Viceroy. As part of the dessert, at the dinner given in their honour, there were some strange nuts upon the table, and a few of these were quietly pocketed by Menzies. Later, on returning to his ship, Menzies carefully planted them in a small glass-covered frame which he had placed on board for the transport of some of his botanical trophies. About four years later the ship reached London, and by this time there were five sturdy young 'Monkey Puzzles' in the frame, which soon found a home at Kew, where one of them survived until 1892."


When in Canada
Smoke a **FRESH** cigarette
British Consols
MILD, SWEET, OLD VIRGINIA
"Made **FRESH** — Kept **FRESH**"
SEALED IN MOISTUREPROOF CELLOPHANE

MACDONALD'S CIGARETTES & TOBACCOS, MONTREAL, CANADA

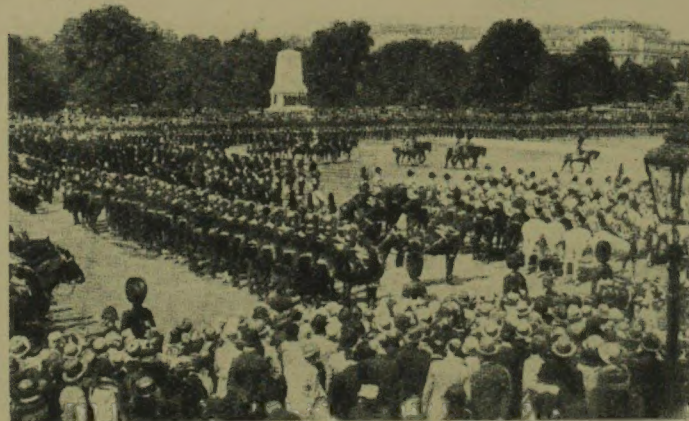
Cuticura Talcum
ools
omforts

Fine, soft and smooth as silk,
it keeps the skin comfortable
twenty-four hours of the day. It also does
much to prevent chafing and irritation.

Talcum 1s. 3d. Sold at all chemists.



THE MOST INTERESTING
JIG-SAW PUZZLES
ARE THE
DELTA FINE CUT SERIES
"TROOPING THE COLOUR"
A Beautifully Coloured Reproduction



Honouring the King's Birthday: Trooping the Colour on the Horse Guards Parade.

SIZE 17" x 11". 250 PIECES. 8/6 POST FREE. WITH GUIDE PICTURE.
REPRODUCTIONS IN COLOUR PHOTOGRAPHY FROM PICTURES
BY WELL-KNOWN ARTISTS.

48-PAGE ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE, 2d. POST FREE.

CONTAINING PARTICULARS OF PUZZLES, INCLUDING—

30-Piece 1/3 75-Piece 3/- 250-Piece 8/6 600-Piece 21/-
50-Piece 2/- 100-Piece 4/- 500-Piece 18/- 1000-Piece 33/-

To be obtained from all Booksellers, Stationers and Stores, or direct from the Publishers:

A. V. N. JONES & CO., LTD., 64, Fore St., London, E.C.2

IT PAYS TO GET A GOOD GARAGE



A BROWNE & LILLY
Garage lasts a lifetime.
Soundly constructed from
well-seasoned Red Deal
throughout. Easily erected.
Wind and Weather-proof.
NETT CASH PRICES.

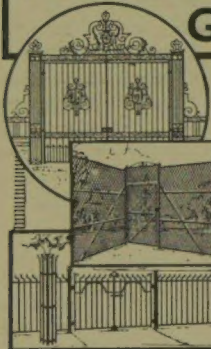
11 ft. x 7 ft. x 6 ft. **£8 : 2 : 0**
12 ft. x 8 ft. x 6 ft. **£10 : 10 : 0**
14 ft. x 8 ft. x 6 ft. 6 ins. **£10 : 19 : 0**
Other sizes at pro-
portionate prices.

Delivered carriage paid.

Visit our permanent Show Grounds, or send for
Free Catalogue B.48 of Portable Buildings.

BROWNE & LILLY, LTD.
THAMES SIDE, READING.

IRON AND STEEL FENCING & GATES



WRITE FOR
CATALOGUE
OF
FIELD FENCING
WIRE NETTING
KENNEL
RAILING
TREE GUARDS
ETC.

BAYLISS · JONES & BAYLISS LTD.

WOLVERHAMPTON AND
139/141 CANNON ST. LONDON · EC · 4

SPORTING PRINTS

The value to-day of old
sporting prints is a matter of
common knowledge. He is
a wise collector who takes
the opportunity to acquire,
before they are exhausted,
copies of the limited editions
of prints after LIONEL
EDWARDS, GILBERT
HOLIDAY, IVESTA
LLOYD, FRANK H.
MASON, and other famous
sporting artists of the present
day.

**Prices from
ONE GUINEA**

*Particulars on application, but
a personal visit is recommended.*

THE SPORTING GALLERY,
7, Grafton Street, Bond Street, W.1.

NOVIO

TOILET PAPER

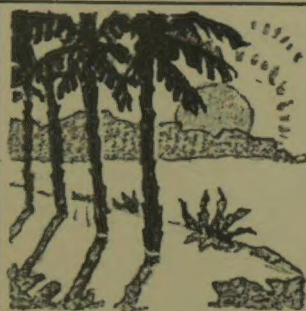
Rolls, Packets & Cartons THIN
— most economical. Soft
Sold everywhere. Strong
Silky

See the "Lancet's" opinion, 27th July, 1907

The WHISKY with the BIG AGE
10 YEARS—(Guaranteed)

HIGHLAND QUEEN

PRODUCT OF THE LARGEST INDEPENDENT DISTILLERS IN SCOTLAND.
MACDONALD & MUIR, Distillers; LEITH — also Glasgow & London.



ESTORIL

WHERE "SPRING" MEANS "SUMMER"

Why shiver in the chilly winds of Northern Spring, when you can bathe in the sea and sun at ESTORIL? Only twenty-five minutes from Lisbon, this delightful beach is a centre for innumerable fascinating excursions. Estoril offers every holiday enjoyment: swimming, golfing, tennis, boating, theatres, cinemas, and one of the smartest casinos in Europe. A complete thermal establishment, too, if you want to follow a cure under perfect climatic conditions.

For information and literature apply to Estoril-Propagande, Casa du Portugal, 20, Regent Street, London; or 7, rue Scribe, Paris; or write to Sociedad de Propaganda da Costa do Sol, Estoril, Portugal.

GOOD IDEA!

"For framing and hanging in the airmen's dining room . . ."

A Royal Air Force Officer
in EGYPT writes :

"I am anxious to obtain 15 (fifteen) of Lawson Wood's pictures, for framing out here and hanging in the Airmen's Dining Room.

Could you kindly obtain for me 15 of the more recent ones that have been appearing in your paper, or inform me whence I can order them?"



So keen was this Royal Air Force officer to secure all the Lawson Wood "GRAN' POP" pictures, that he ultimately ordered a series of fifteen.

The Lawson Wood humour in the current "GRAN' POP" series is positively superb; so good, in fact, that our correspondence shows readers all over the world are collecting and framing these delightful coloured drawings.

Of course, we can supply back numbers, but by far the better way is to place an order with your regular newsagent, and so secure the newest Lawson Wood "GRAN' POP" pictures every week.

You will find The SKETCH a delightfully entertaining and informative weekly.

THE SKETCH

Subscription Rates	At Home	Canada	Elsewhere Abroad
Twelve months, including Xmas No.	£3.3.3	£3.0.11	£3.12.4
Six months, including Xmas No.	£1.12.10	£1.11.8	£1.17.6
Three months, no extras	15.3	14.7	17.6

Order through your regular Newsagent or from

THE PUBLISHER : 346 STRAND, LONDON, W.C.2

ONE SHILLING
EVERY WEDNESDAY